HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XI.—No. 533.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF PRUSSIA.

AT the organization of the new Parliament of the new Kingdom of Prussia, the King, WILLIAM I., and all the royal family, were present. The late war between Prussia and Austria, and the political efforts for the reconstruction of the German Confederation—the evident purpose of the King being to revive the old "Empire of Germany," with himself as Emperor—have brought the principal personages of the family prominently before the public; and we therefore give this week accurate portraits of them.

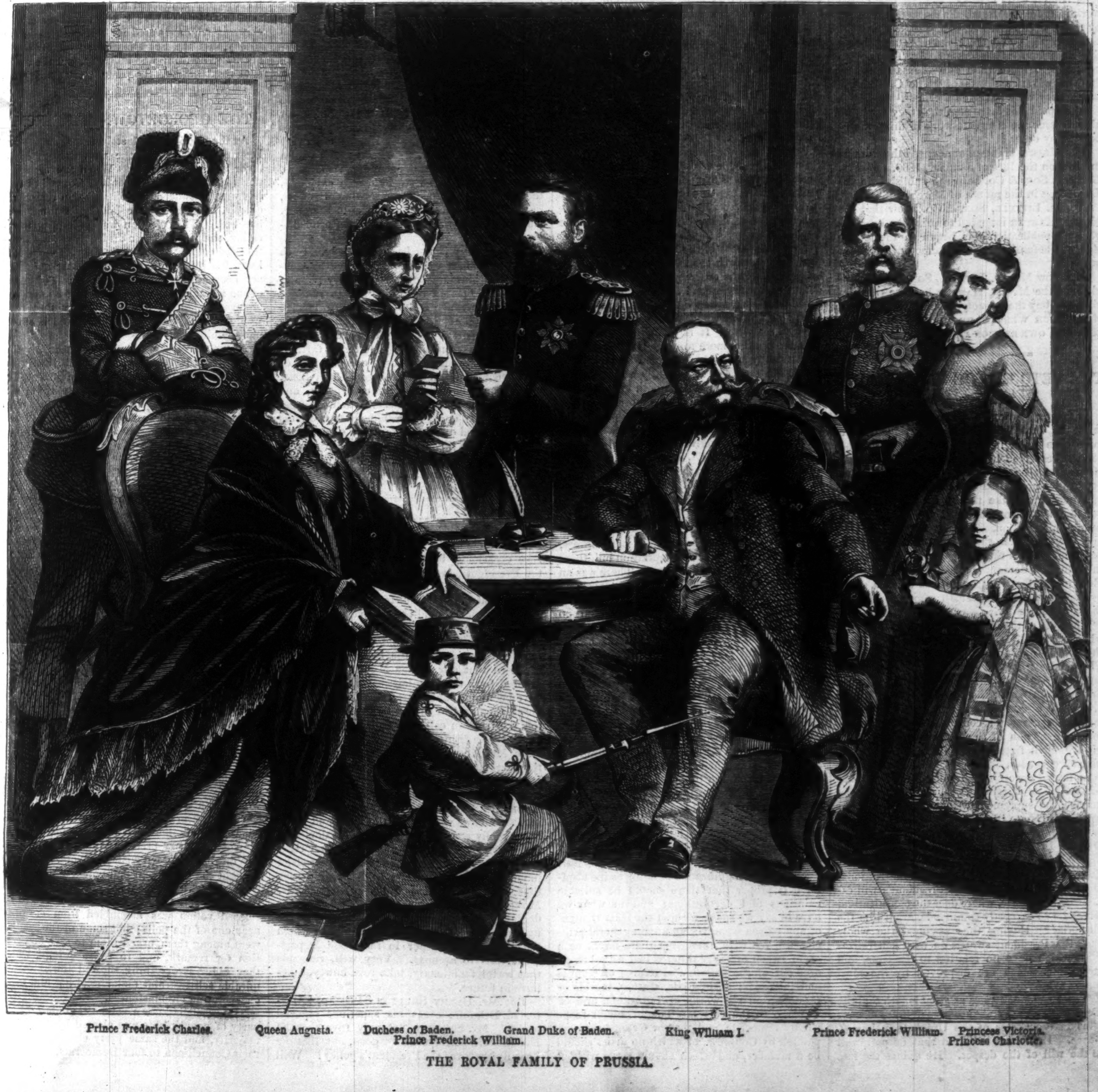
The King, WILLIAM I., was born in 1797, and was the second son of FREDERICK WILLIAM III. When his elder brother, King FREDERICK WILLIAM IV., became insane in 1858, WILLIAM, then Commander-in-Chief of the Prussian army, was declared Regent. His first act was to dismiss the Cabinet of his brother, composed entirely of leaders of the aristocratic party, and to establish a new Administration on the liberal policy which has since so materially advanced the prosperity of the Prussian people. His insane brother died in 1861 without issue, and the Regent became King under the title of WILLIAM I.

His queen, AUGUSTA, is the daughter of the Grand Duke of Weimar. She is now 56 years of age, and was married to the King when he was merely a Prince of the Realm.

The only son and the heir to the throne is the Crown Prince, FREDERICK WILLIAM, who is represented in the engraving on the left of his father. He is frequently confounded by American readers and writers with the Prince Royal, FREDERICK CHARLES, his cousin, who is represented on the other side of the engraving. This error has resulted from the similarity of name and title, the fact that each commanded a corps of the army in the campaign of Sadowa, and that both were equally gallant and distinguished on that bloody field. The Crown Prince, FREDERICK WILLIAM, was born in 1831. It was he who in 1858, just before his father's elevation to the throne, married the eldest daughter of Queen VICTORIA of England. His wife and their second child, Princess CHARLOTTE, are represented by the side of the Crown Prince. The eldest child of the young couple, Prince FREDERICK WILLIAM (the sixth of the name) is represented at the feet of his grand-parents.

The Prince Royal, FREDERICK CHARLES, the nephew of the King, is commander of a corps of the Prussian army. He was born in 1828, and is a bachelor.

The Grand Duke of Baden, Prince FREDERICK, is a son-in-law of the King of Prussia, having married in 1856 his only daughter, Princess LOUISA MARY, who is represented at his side.



Prince Frederick Charles. Queen Augusta. Duchess of Baden. Prince Frederick William. Grand Duke of Baden. King William I. Prince Frederick William. Princess Victoria. Princess Charlotte.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF PRUSSIA.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 16, 1867.

A STATEMENT OF FACTS.

In *Littell's Living Age*, of March 2, 1867, we find the following:

> "Two very welcome articles; but we are very sorry that there is no space for the considerable variety which we had prepared, and which must go over. The cause of this is, that our good friends Messrs. Harper & Brothers have again undertaken to jostle us out of the market just at the end of the story we have been publishing so long, having obtained early sheets of the last part of the work and printed the whole separately. So we have to finish the 'Claverings' sooner than we should have done had we regularly reprinted the tale as it shall come out in the *Cornhill Magazine*.
>
> "This conduct of the Great Publishers is a violation of the courtesy of the Trade; and is the worse, because, as in former cases, we offered them our Stereotype plates at the manufacturers' price. By accepting this offer they would have had more than all the advantages they now have, and we should have received back again the money we have expended.
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> "How does this conduct differ from setting your neighbor's house on fire? Simply in this: *that* would be *against Human Law*. And yet we do *not* think Messrs. Harpers belong to what Burns thinks the small class 'who have no check but human law.' They do not see their conduct 'as others see it.' They have so good an appetite, and so strong arms, that they eat more than Christian politeness warrants."

It is not the first grave charge of the same kind which has been made; and a statement of the facts in this case will apply to other complaints from the same source.

The impression which the publishers of *Littell's Living Age* seek to convey is, that the Messrs. Harper, knowing that "The Claverings" was being published serially in the *Living Age*, bought early sheets of the last part of the work in order to forestall the market, and thereby to injure Messrs. Littell, Son, & Co.

The truth is, that the Messrs. Harper, being the American publishers of Mr. Trollope's novels, paid more than two thousand dollars for the advance sheets of "The Claverings" before they were issued in England.

They paid this large sum that they might be able to issue the complete work in this country before any other House.

The Messrs. Harper announced the work as in press on the 13th of January, 1866. Messrs. Littell, Son, & Co. began to publish it in the *Living Age* in the month of March, 1866.

Messrs. Littell, Son, & Co. knew that the Messrs. Harper intended to print the book *before* its publication was begun in the *Living Age*, and before a page was stereotyped for that purpose.

And now Messrs. Littell, Son, & Co. complain of the Messrs. Harper because they declined to buy the stereotype plates of the *Living Age*, WHICH WERE MADE IN PART FROM THE HARPERS' OWN EDITION AFTER ITS PUBLICATION.

THE VETO OF THE RECONSTRUCTION BILL.

If the moderation and propriety of tone which mark the Veto Messages of the President were ever to be found in his speeches he would be at least respected by the country, although his views might be rejected. The Messages, indeed, have no individual character, no raciness and quaintness, like those of his predecessor, but they are decorous and inoffensive, and becoming his position. They are all disheartening, however, from the narrow technical grasp and total want of the vital comprehension which the situation demands. They are the special pleas of a dull advocate who has taken a side; not the words of a statesman who regards only the commonwealth.

The veto of the Reconstruction bill illustrates what we say. It is a long paper, but it begs the whole question from beginning to end. There is not a good suggestion in it which is not wholly inapplicable. Being asked what he thinks of an eagle, the President proceeds to prove that a buzzard is not a nightingale. He makes an assertion contradicting the fundamental assertion of the bill, and goes on with his argument from premises which no one but himself concedes. The bill declares that there is no lawful government in any of the late rebel States. The President replies that "to pronounce the supreme law-making power of an established State illegal is to say that law itself is unlawful." What is an established State? Did the President's will establish South Carolina? If not, how is there any establishment there which is valid in the view of the National Government? And if the President's will established the State, where does the Constitution, which he so earnestly commends, grant him the authority? Having thus assumed the whole case the President sweeps on with generalizations which have no relation to the facts, and statements which are disproved by the most ample evidence.

The President argues at great length that the Constitution does not authorize military despotisms in the States of the Union in a time of peace. He shows in detail that despotic will is the will of the despot. He quotes the late Indiana decision of the Supreme Court that in a time of peace the only valid military law is the Congressional law for the government of the army, and declares that the bill denies the right of trial by jury to nine millions of citizens. He points out that the bill enfranchises the negroes, who have not asked to be enfranchised, and that the Constitution gives no power to Congress to legislate upon suffrage in the States. Then he shows that the bill invalidates the governments of ten States which have already adopted the Emancipation Amendment, and that the Amendment falls if their assent was illegal. Finally, he celebrates the excellence of the Constitution itself, and its adequacy to every emergency.

Throughout this long document there is no sign of the least consciousness that the country is not at peace, but is settling the conditions of peace. It is not, indeed, *bello flagrante*, but it is *bello cessante*. The President has proclaimed that the rebellion has ceased, but that no more makes peace than his appointment of Provisional Governors establishes States. Congress alone can declare war and raise and support armies and navies, and Congress alone therefore can say when war has ceased. The President as usual returns to the Congressional declaration of July, 1861, that the war was not for subjugation, and he argues that it was merely the suppression of an insurrection. But the Supreme Court, upon which he relies, has decided that it was a war, and when an insurrection has proceeded upon the scale of the late war it is for Congress, and Congress alone, to decide when it has ended. The President merely repeats Alexander Stephens's doctrine of the continuous right of States. There has been a riot, he says, like the Shay rebellion in Massachusetts, like the whisky insurrection in Pennsylvania, and the riot being suppressed, every thing reverts to its previous condition. And this is urged by a man who insisted, after the surrender of Lee, that "traitors should take a back seat in the work of restoration," and who declared that if there were five thousand men in Tennessee loyal to the Constitution, to freedom, and to justice, they should absolutely control the work of reorganization, while every rebel should be "subjected to a severe ordeal before he is restored to citizenship." The President who says that the rebellion of a State does not destroy or interrupt its relations in the Union is the same President who, within two years, required the rebel States to adopt the Emancipation Amendment, to repudiate their rebel debt, and to disavow their secession ordinances as conditions of their return to the Union.

Every argument of the Veto Message is fatal to the policy which the President has pursued; every assertion is contrary to the express evidence, and every appeal to the Constitution is futile from a man who denies to the people in Congress a power which he alone has not hesitated to exercise. It is plain that the President has nothing more to say. His position has been as fully and ably explained as it can be, and it is utterly and indignantly repudiated by the people. Since, then, his oath binds him to execute the laws, and since the most vital laws, in his judgment, are unconstitutional, why does he consent to be an instrument of what he considers fatally destructive measures? He tells us that he is a patriot. Do patriots remain in place when they think that they are to be used to destroy the liberties of their country?

THE FINE ARTS IN THE CAPITOL.

At the close of the late session of Congress, in the debate upon the Appropriation bill, there were some suggestive passages. There was an item of $8940 for models of bronze doors, and of $20,860 for "material for and casting the same" which were struck out. Mr. Scofield said the doors were a nuisance. Mr. Rice proposed to present the Senate with the bronze doors upon the House side of the Capitol. Mr. Farnsworth thought the doors "a very great piece of absurdity." Mr. Hill was of opinion that they were utterly useless, that "they stood in the way with prongs sticking out of them to catch people as they passed, besides having to pay a watchman to prevent people stealing the stealable portions of those doors." A few days before Mr. Hale had vainly endeavored to introduce a resolution to pay $25,000 for a picture of the signing of the Constitution by Mr. Rossiter; and during the debate of which we are speaking Mr. Garfield moved an appropriation of $25,000 to buy Mr. Carpenter's "First Reading of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation;" but the motion was lost.

Now in so magnificent a building as the Capitol it is proper that there should be suitable paintings and decorations; and in what we have to say we speak without the least thought of any person whatever and upon general principles. We wish, then, that there might be a clean sweep of every thing called a "work of art" out of the Capitol. Pictures on canvas and in fresco; busts, casts, statues, marble or plaster, from the works of Trumbull and of Persico to the very last bought, ought to be wholly removed; and then a Commission appointed by Congress, of which no artist should be a member, and which should serve without salary, should decide upon some general plan for the decoration of the building—restoring such of the present works as might be thought desirable, and admitting only such hereafter as the Commission should approve.

The present condition of the Capitol in this respect is a national shame. The method by which the works are obtained is most pernicious, and the result is ludicrous and contemptible from the total want of any system or principle in the method. The public money is regarded as a placer which the most pertinacious can work to the most advantage. Nor is it surprising that, seeing what abominations have been lavishly paid for, any artist should feel that he has an equal right to try his chance with what he naturally supposes to be very much better works. He goes to Washington and makes the acquaintance of Members. Now Members are not necessarily wise in art. To them a picture is a picture. If the good-natured friends of the artists warmly commend their personal worth and the excellence of their pictures, the single sum asked for is so small that it seems niggardly or unkind not to try to slide it into the Appropriation bill. Good-natured Members therefore conspire with the good-natured friends of the good-natured artists, and often succeed in slipping the insignificant sum into the bill, and the insignificant picture or bust or statue into the Capitol. The consequence is, that an incoherent set of unsatisfactory works is stuck about the building, giving it the aspect of an ill-furnished old curiosity shop, for which enormous sums of public money have been squandered. We certainly do not blame the artists for trying to sell their works at the highest prices they can obtain. But we do blame Congress for its shocking extravagance.

In the Capitol, pictures should either be a constituent part of the building, by being painted in fresco according to some general and intelligent design, or they should be collected upon a similar principle in a gallery. In the vast spaces of that building there is room enough for a gallery of historic portraits, for another of historic busts and statues, and for another of historic scenes. But in all there should be some kind of symmetry. If the Rotunda, for instance, instead of being disfigured by pictures of all subjects, shapes, and sizes, hung every where and every how, were surrounded with a proper number of statues of eminent Americans, and every thing else were rigorously excluded, there would be a simple and satisfactory effect, like that of the arcade of the Uffizi in Florence. But in its present condition it is an utter disgrace.

The difficulty is not beyond remedy. Such a commission as we suggest, created by Congress, with absolute power over every picture, statue, and bust in the building; to remove, retain, and arrange at its pleasure; to receive and decide all applications from artists of every kind; to report a general design, and to ask appropriations from time to time for its furtherance—a commission composed of a few men of acknowledged æsthetic intelligence and taste, whose characters were their credentials, and who should be paid a *per diem* for their expenses while actually engaged, would spare Congress annoyance and discredit, would do what is possible to redeem the huge national structure with which the country is saddled, and would save hundreds of thousands of dollars of the public money.

IN RE M'CRACKEN.

The whole of the extraordinary correspondence occasioned by the M'Cracken letter to the President has been laid before the Senate, and it is a mortifying revelation. It is customary that Foreign Ministers appointed by one Administration should be replaced upon the accession of another party to power, by those who are of the household of that party. If, therefore, the President or the Secretary of State supposed that any of our Ministers politically differed from the Administration, it would not have been unusual or surprising if they had relieved them. But to ask them whether a spy told the truth in calling them blackguards was an exquisite refinement of insult.

Of Mr. Motley's response to the letter of the Secretary of State we have already spoken. It has endeared him to his countrymen by its truly manly tone. The letter of Mr. John P. Hale, Minister in Spain, however, is not edifying. He bows very low in the dust, and while he painfully struggles to intensify his denial of the charge which Mr. Seward had no right whatever to prefer, Mr. Hale begs that strict inquiry may be made, and he is proudly sure that he will be found white as snow. Mr. Morris, at Constantinople, also is urgent in his denial. 'Twas never no such thing! is the hysterical cry of the diplomatic Biddies whom the severe housekeeper in the State Department calls to account. Very well, responds that awful functionary, take care how you behave in future.

But Mr. Henry Shelton Sanford, Minister in Belgium, earns his superior's especial praise. Mr. Sanford not only says that he has himself been perfectly good, but that he heartily approves the President's policy! Well may the Secretary of State commend him. When the poor clergyman saw the fine estate and splendid house of his richer clerical brother, he said to him, "What! Brother Barnabas, all this and heaven too?" Here is a diplomatic agent who declares not only that he has not said that he thinks the President wrong, but that he believes him to be right. If the Senate raises the mission to Belgium to a higher grade we sincerely believe that the President will not veto the bill.

But why, pray, should it? Why should the mission to Belgium be increased in rank at this especial moment? The late King Leopold was the chief engineer of the Mexican mischief which we have happily escaped. Is that a reason for this mark of respect? The present United States Minister to Belgium, Mr. Sanford, was appointed by President Lincoln in 1861. We presume that no one familiar with the facts will assert that he had been in earnest sympathy with the Republican party. Mr. Sanford now declares himself politically opposed to the dominant sentiment of the country. Is this the moment to elevate the mission in his person? We are very glad that the Senate has declined to make so useless a change.

Mr. Seward has now done all that he can to establish a system of foreign spies. He has by his conduct notified the Ministers of the United States that if any guest at their tables or in their houses chooses to slander them, they will be summoned to explain. He has put every Minister upon his guard. He has destroyed all freedom of social intercourse between them and their countrymen. And if every foreign representative of the United States should absolutely refuse socially to receive or entertain his countrymen, it would be a logical result of Mr. Seward's conduct.

"But"—we are told—"the M'Cracken letter was not addressed to Mr. Seward but to the President." Was it the President or Mr. Seward who answered it? It does not avail to say, that the Secretary acted merely as an agent. The thing was indecent, and the agent is as responsible as the principal.

THE GEORGETOWN ELECTION.

At the election held last June in Georgetown, District of Columbia, one man only voted in favor of equal suffrage. When the result of the late election for Mayor and Council of that city was announced the solitary voter remarked, quietly, that the egg he laid last summer had hatched. This election was peculiarly interesting, and it has shown distinctly two things—that the colored citizen is intelligent enough to know his interest, and independent enough to act accordingly. The horrible consequences of the vice and ignorance of colored voters are not yet apparent, and the theory that they would vote just as "massa" dictated is effectually annihilated.

As we said last week, slavery essentially injures the enslaved, although probably less than the enslaver; and it has long been plain to every observer that if the freedmen could not be safely trusted with the ballot the enslavers ought certainly to be disfranchised. No race was ever so long enslaved as the African has been in this country, and none has ever suffered so little essential injury. The conduct of the freedmen at the polls in Georgetown was most memorable. It was another evidence of the absolute difference between them and the "lower classes" of any other country. The contrast between their behavior and that of the "superior white race" at the polls of the "bloody Sixth," in New York, or of the estimable "Dead Rabbits," or of the Mackerelville constituency, or of any other characteristic body of "Conservative" voters, was not humiliating to the colored citizens.

The sense of responsibility of which every individual colored voter in Georgetown seemed to be conscious showed exactly that kind of "education" or intelligence which are most desirable in voters. The throng was dignified and decorous. As the "Conservative" roughs and bullies of Baltimore and Washington had announced their probable coming, there were a hundred and fifty policemen ready to receive them. But the peace was not broken. There were plenty of sneers and insults offered to the colored voters, which they wisely disregarded, and they carefully abstained from every thing which even seemed like provocation. One of them was uncertain if his name were registered. There was another man of the same name in the same registry precinct, and only one name was on the list. He wished to vote, but it was thought the other man had voted, and he finally agreed with two or three companions that it was better not to offer his vote. A crowd of colored voters was assembled from curiosity near one of the polls; but some of the leaders went among them, urged them to give no occasion for remark, and to retire quietly, which they did. Every thing showed the most admirable self-restraint under exciting and often exasperating circumstances.

The result is known. The candidate of the party of equal-rights was elected by ninety-six majority, and the same party elected seven of their Councilmen to four Democrats. A fairer or more peaceful election was never known. It was an ample vindication of the wisdom of Congress in passing the suffrage bill, and of those who insist that justice is the best policy.

THE PETITION OF POLYGAMY.

There is a law of the United States prohibiting polygamy in any Territory, and punishing the offender by a fine of not more than five hundred dollars, and by imprisonment for not more than five years. But in the Territory of Utah polygamy is openly and notoriously practiced, yet no case has hitherto been tried by the Territorial Judiciary; and the Legislature of the Territory lately petitioned Congress to repeal the law, and so establish polygamy by the national authority.

The impudence of such a request is exquisite, and the Committee upon the Judiciary, to which the petition was referred, have made an admirable report upon the subject. Polygamy is held by all civilized nations to be an offense to God and a crime toward society. But some persons calling themselves Latter Day Saints, and popularly known as Mormons, inform us that, in their judgment, polygamy is of Divine origin, and is a tenet of their religious faith; and they demand that, as the Constitution guarantees religious liberty, the law shall not interfere with their much matrimony.

And if another body of persons shall declare that, in their judgment, a community of goods is of Divine appointment and a part of their religious faith—or that all marriage is of the Devil and should be abolished—or that any practice universally condemned as criminal is really Divine and ought to be adopted—have we no remedy? Does the Constitution bind us to authorize crime of every kind, if only the criminal claims that he thinks it religious, and so adds hypocrisy to his offense? The secessionists used to tell us that it was unconstitutional to defend the Government. The Mormons announce that it is unconstitutional to enforce the laws.

The Judiciary Committee believe that all persons in the Territories who are living in open violation of the laws of the United States should be assured that the penalties will surely be enforced upon conviction; and that if the delay arises from the fault of the Judiciary of any Territory the Judges should be removed without delay; "for the people of the United States will never consent to tolerate in this country a relic of barbarism destructive alike to the family and the state, and utterly abhorrent to the moral sense of the nation."

THE TAX ON COTTON.

Up to the outbreak of the Southern rebellion the United States was the largest cotton producer in the world, and the only country that furnished for export more than it consumed. By this surplus it was enriched scores of millions of dollars annually. It furnished to Great Britain in 1859 1,907,000 bales, which was five-sevenths of all the cotton imported into that country. So dependent was Great Britain upon us, so completely did we control the market, that the question of cotton supply became seriously agitated by Parliament and the manufacturing interest. Long and persistent were the efforts she made to discover new sources of production, and stimulate the growth of cotton in her colonial possessions, so that she might relieve herself of this dependence; and the period has now arrived when she can boast her complete success.

While war engrossed the attention of our people, the culture of cotton ceased entirely in the United States; scarcely any was exported except what was run through the blockade at fabulous prices. Some dreamed that the close of the war would again find England as dependent as ever upon us. They were mistaken. For two or three years foreign manufacturers struggled with riot and starvation; but while their machinery rusted, they were industriously sowing the seed that was to supply their future needs; and we now find that the United States, so far from controlling the market, is itself controlled by the rates that rule the foreign market. Great Britain now draws the bulk of her supplies from other countries than ours. The United States produces less cotton than India, and stands fifth in point of production in proportion to the capital employed. Its product, which was 4,300,000 bales in 1860, has fallen to less than 2,000,000 in 1866, or but little more than two-fifths of that year's product, and less than that of any year since 1835. The high rate which ruled at the close of the war has not been maintained, but has declined from 42 cents per pound (the highest price) to 30 cents. American cotton can not be laid down in England now at a profit of more than $5 per bale. For the first time probably since the invention of the gin it may be said to be a drug in the market, and without speculative demand. Over 200,000 bales are stored to-day in the city of New York alone, and there are large accumulations in Europe, where it is dull at a value of about 26¾ cents. The day of high profits is past. The United States no longer enjoy a monopoly of the trade, and must suffer unless they can enter into successful competition with other countries by offering a better staple at a less price; for India, Africa, South America, and the West Indies will soon be able to supply all the demands of the Transatlantic.

Who will deny the incalculable importance of maintaining the growth of cotton in this country, and stimulating its increased production? What else than gold could we substitute to meet our heavy importations? If the production of cotton were destroyed, foreign trade would have to be greatly checked or general bankruptcy would follow. The North does not wish to destroy or check the production of cotton; its interests are directly opposed to such a contingency. It is easy to impose a tax so heavy as to effect so disastrous a result—a tax which would benefit the Treasury but little, while it would be equivalent to giving a bounty to foreign nations who grow cotton, and have already shown themselves able to compete successfully with us in its production. Such a tax common-sense opposes, and common-sense has actuated Congress to reduce the present tax to 2½ cents a pound, an act which we heartily approve. At the same time we regard it eminently right and proper that a certain tax should be levied on cotton. It is eminently right and proper that the Southern States should contribute their mite toward the support of the Government, and there is no better or surer means of securing such support.

We are aware that many of the Southern planters have become discouraged by the losses of the past year and the uncertainty of negro labor; but the productive interests of the North are equally liable to accidents of various kinds. The tax of 2½ cents per pound is not more burdensome than those imposed upon many branches of industry of the North; it does not deter production, and it leaves the planter a reasonable margin of profit under the ordinary chances of the crop. The South will do well to consider its relations toward the Government and the country, and instead of complaining, apply themselves to raise an increased quantity of cotton. If they will devote more attention to mechanical appliances, and to the adjustment of the labor question, their chances of greater profits will be largely increased.

HEALTH OF CLERGYMEN AGAIN.

The causes of ill-health in clergymen which we noticed in a previous article are such as are calculated to produce a general nervous and depressed condition. Out of this grow certain local complaints, some of which have at times attracted more attention than is their due, for the local remedies have done but little for their relief; but their cure has been for the most part effected by remedies addressed to the faulty condition of the system at large. Fashion has governed much in this matter, and clergymen have furnished, in the changes from time to time of their reputed diseases, a very good illustration of the text, "The fashion of this world passeth away." For example, many years ago dyspepsia was the disease from which most invalid clergymen were suffering. But the fashion of dyspepsia soon passed away, according to the Scripture, and that of bronchitis, so-called, took its place. This, however, did not last a long time, and now no particular local complaint is prominent; but the fact of a general invalid condition is very commonly recognized.

What is the explanation of all this? Did the invalids among the clergy all have diseased stomachs at one time, and diseased throats at another? And have they neither now, but only a general morbid state? This can not be. The truth is just this: What may be called an *invalid condition* has existed alike in all these changes, and any local complaints present have, for the most part, come from this. Of these that one to which the attention the patient is particularly directed will be apt to be the worst, and will seem to him to be *the* disease in his case. Dr. Holland, a noted English physician, even goes so far as to say "that if persons are always supposing that they are liable to a certain distemper, the nerves will so act upon the part that it is very likely to come upon them." Though he may be thought to speak too strongly, it certainly is true that fixing the attention upon the sensations of a part will aggravate an ailment in it, even if it be not competent to originate the ailment. To apply this to the case of the invalid clergyman, we will suppose that he has both a bad stomach and a bad throat. If, now, he were living at the time when dyspepsia was all the fashion, his stomach would occupy his attention and his throat would hardly be thought of; but if he were living a little farther on when dyspepsia was almost a forgotten disease, the disease in his throat would be the great subject of his thoughts. In either case it is the general treatment that either wholly or chiefly effects the cure, though it may be attributed to dyspeptic pills in the one case, and to gargles, swabbings, and clippings in the other. And we may add, that of the general treatment, that which may be included under the word regimen is usually of by far the most importance. The errors which are so commonly committed on this point were typified by the cultivated John Wesley when he was "more disposed to attribute his cure to a brown paper plaster of egg and brimstone than to Dr. Fothergill's salutary prescription of country air, rest, ass's milk, and horse-exercise." Many a clerical invalid of the present day owes, with Wesley, his recovery from the effects of prolonged study, care, and anxiety to "the resuscitating influence of four months' repose."

It is this general damaged condition then that the clergyman should aim to avoid in his hygienic training. How shall it be done?

The clergyman should endeavor to find out how much mental labor he can perform without injury to his system, and he should make it a matter of duty to do no more than this. He has no right to leave this to hap-hazard, but the estimate should be made carefully. And it is to be remembered that it is a question that bears upon the work not merely of a few months or years, but of a lifetime. There should be then no inconsiderate plunging into the work of the present, leaving out of view the long future beyond. The careful husbanding of our powers is as much a duty as the vigorous use of them.

In this care of one's resources there must be a due amount of relaxation, and this should be as much a part of the plan of life as the performance of duty. Dr. Beecher was a wise man on this point. As a part of his plan he so managed that the burdens of the day should not disturb his repose. Accordingly, after his evening services, he would spend an hour or two with his children, sportively, in order to let himself "run down," as he expressed it. "If I were to go to bed," he would say, "at the key at which I leave off preaching, I should toss and tumble all night. I must let off steam gradually, and then I can sleep like a child." How different this from the occasional sitting up half the night to finish a sermon, so common with some clergymen! This is never done without costing vastly more than it comes to. It should be the plan of the clergyman to do his intellectual work in the first part of the day and there should be no variation from it.

He should also invariably have Monday as a day of relaxation after the labors of the Sabbath. For the same reason he should have occasional seasons of relaxation. The summer vacation which so many clergymen have is no loss to the people of their charge.

The clergyman should have diversion of mind. His thinking should not all be theological. It is an injury to any one in any profession, both bodily and mentally, to think of nothing but his profession.

He should have variety in his mental work. On this point we would simply say that he would be able to do more work if he would make half of his sermons extemporaneous than if he has them all written.

He should take a plenty of exercise; and we would suggest here that, as it is essential to the realization of the full benefit to be derived from this, that the exercise have an object—a plan for the visitation of the people should be connected with it, as we have known to be done by some clergymen.

SOUTHERN AID.

Mr. J. F. G. Mittag, Southern Relief Agent for his district, writes to us from Lancasterville, South Carolina, in response to what we said upon the relief of the South:

> "This section of the country is in a most deplorable state of want, owing to an almost total failure of the crop; and unless immediate relief is afforded numbers must perish. But the future is still more gloomy. Our stock having perished for the want of food, no crops will be made by many farmers, and the freedmen, unemployed for the want of means on the part of the owners of land to support them, must suffer severely. We have been especially blighted in our crops."

It will be remembered that James M. Brown, Esq., of Brown Brothers, & Co., is the treasurer and receiver of all gifts to the Southern Relief Committee.

A LITTLE LAKE FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

The "Owner of a Yacht" writes to suggest that while the Central Park Commissioners are planning a play-ground for children, they should advise with the children a little, and make a miniature ocean for them. There are many young folks who are also owners of yachts, and who have no place to sail them unless they go into the country and find a pond. If the Park Commissioners are wise they will secure the friendship of young New York by devoting a quarter of an acre to the yacht lake. It need not be more than a foot deep, but the gratitude of the children would be fathomless.

LITERARY.

Harper & Brothers have in press for immediate publication "The Bankrupt Bill, with Notes, Forms of Procedure, and a Collection of all the American and English Decisions upon the Law of Bankruptcy, adapted to the use of the Lawyer and the Merchant, by Edwin James, of the New York Bar, and one of the Framers of the English Bankruptcy Amendment Act." Mr. James's entire familiarity with the subject and his long practical experience peculiarly fit him for the preparation of this most valuable and timely treatise.

The Rev. Augustus Woodbury, who saw service in the war as a chaplain in the Rhode Island line, has prepared a most interesting and spirited "History of the Ninth Corps." This was the corps of General Burnside, and he is naturally the hero of the work. It is written with warm sympathy and admiration for the General, and rises often into an earnest plea for him against common rumor and the popular judgment; and although evidently the work of a friend and advocate, there is such evident moderation of tone and desire of justice, and so copious an acquaintance with the subjects discussed, that the book is indispensable to every one who would know what may be considered General Burnside's own view of the events of his military career. His great service in North Carolina and in Eastern Tennessee are undisputed. The disasters at Fredericksburg and at Petersburg, for which he is held responsible, are treated in these pages with a fullness and interest which will well reward careful reading. Mr. Woodbury's views must necessarily excite, as they have already excited, radical differences of opinion, and in our limited space we can not enter upon the discussion. But nothing can affect the hold which General Burnside has upon the popular heart—a hold due not only to the purity of his character, his hearty popular sympathies, his spotless and devoted patriotism, but to the unparalleled generosity with which, amidst a host of envious and selfish officers, he quietly waived his rank, and cordially co-operated where he had commanded. The book throws a curious side-light upon some of the judgments of Mr. Swinton's Army of the Potomac.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

The proceedings during the closing week of the Thirty-ninth Congress were of a most important and exciting character.

The Army Appropriation bill which passed the House on February 20, was amended in the Senate so as to direct the disbandment of all rebel militia organizations. As thus amended the bill passed, and was signed by the President under protest.

The House, on February 28, by a vote of 97 to 30, passed the Southern Homestead bill, disposing of public lands in five of the States, with an amendment which prevents those persons who have aided the rebellion from applying for the benefit of the act. Those who, having aided the rebellion, afterward served in the Federal army, are, however, not excluded.

The bill for the admission of Colorado was defeated in the Senate on March 1.

The Tariff bill which passed the House on July 27, 1866, was finally adopted by the Senate on March 2, and goes to the President for approval.

The Indemnity bill, which was adopted by the House on February 23, passed the Senate without amendment on March 2.

The Tenure of Office bill was passed by the Senate and House over the President's veto, without debate, on March 2. It is now a law.

The President sent in his veto of the Military Reconstruction bill on March 2; both Houses in their evening session on the same night passed the bill over his head, and it is now a law of the land.

Both Houses of Congress were in session on Sunday, March 3, and all the business on the Speaker's table was cleared up.

The Judiciary Committee recommended the transfer of the further investigation of the impeachment charges to the Fortieth Congress.

The same committee report that due diligence was not exercised in the pursuit of John H. Surratt by the Executive.

THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

The Fortieth Congress was organized at noon on March 4, without delay, Mr. Colfax being elected Speaker of the House and Mr. Wade President of the Senate and Acting Vice-President of the United States.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The Constitutional Convention bill was taken up in both Houses of the State Legislature on February 27. An Amendment allowing negroes to vote for delegates was lost in the House: and another providing for the election of thirty-two delegates at large was adopted. The first of these amendments was, on February 28, adopted in the Senate; and the bill was finally passed by that body on March 2. It was delayed in the Assembly, however, and had not passed that House on March 5.

NEWS ITEMS.

The rebel regulators of Kentucky, who lately ordered General Speed S. Fry from the State, served a warning on Governor Bramlette on February 27, threatening him with violence if he issues any more proclamations against their lawless proceedings, and ordering him and other prominent Union men of Frankfort to leave the State.

The Tennessee Legislature was compelled on February 28 to call out military force to keep order in the State, in consequence of the numerous outrages perpetrated by the returned rebels.

The North Carolina House of Representatives, after animated discussion, on February 28, referred to the Committee on Federal Relations a resolution declaring the willingness of the State to accept the proposed plan of Congress for the reconstruction of the South.

At a meeting held in Atlanta, Georgia, on March 4, resolutions submitting to the will of Congress were adopted. The Virginia Legislature had been convened in order to take similar action.

In the Kentucky Legislature on March 1 resolutions were reported from the Federal Committee reiterating the doctrine of State Rights.

The majority of the Committee of the Massachusetts House of Representatives reported on March 1 against the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment. A minority submitted a resolution of ratification under protest, declaring that Massachusetts does not recognize the right of any State to abridge the franchise by reason of race or color, and wants no reorganization except on the basis of universal suffrage.

Governor Swann, of Maryland, on March 1, sent a Message to the Legislature declining the United States Senatorship, to which he was recently elected, and adhering to the gubernatorial chair. The reason for this step is, that the Lieutenant-Governor is a thorough Radical.

General Dix was confirmed by the Senate, on March 2, as Minister to France.

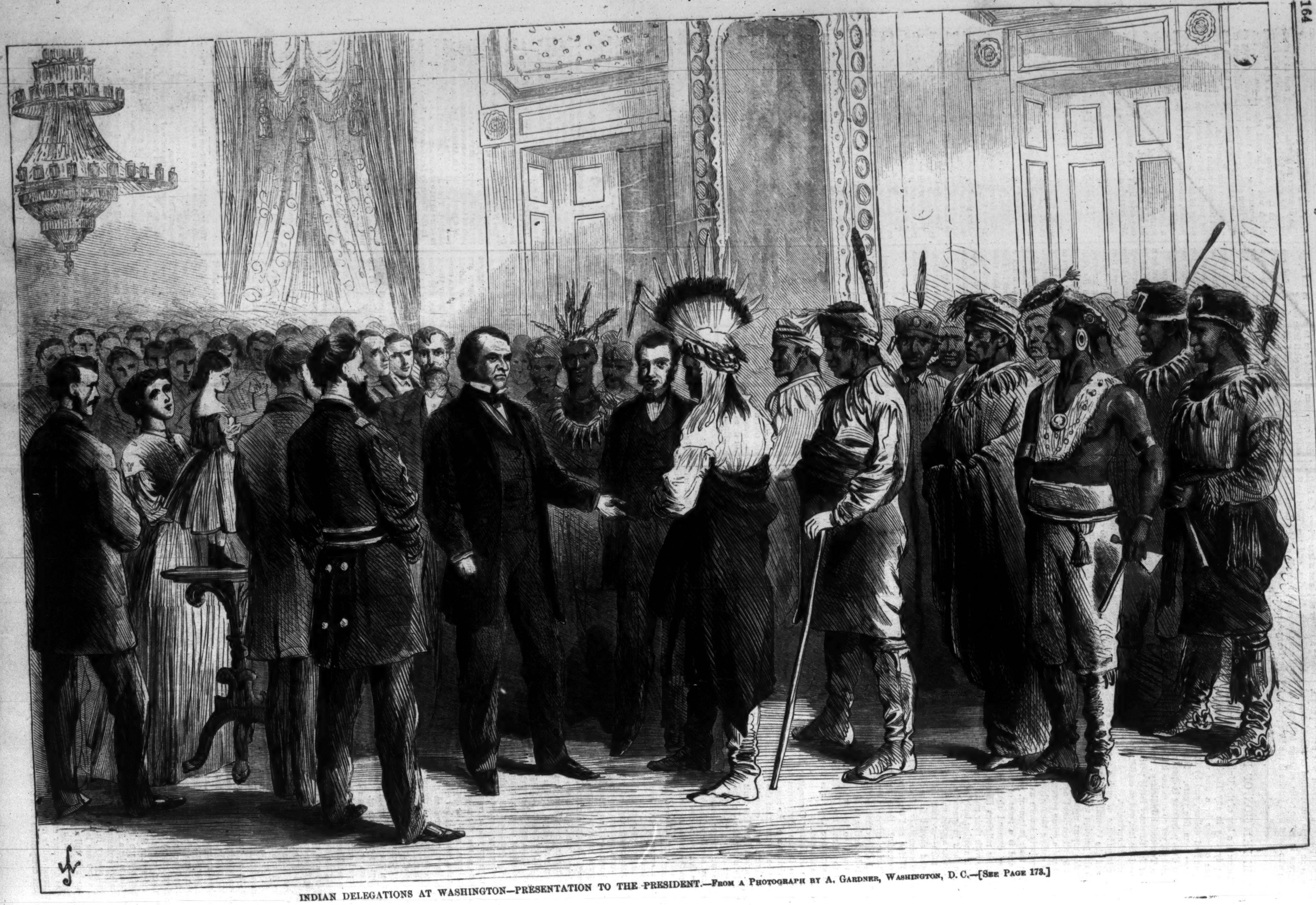
United States Commissioner Foster arrested five magistrates of Norfolk, Virginia, on February 27, for refusing to accept colored testimony in legal proceedings.

FOREIGN NEWS.

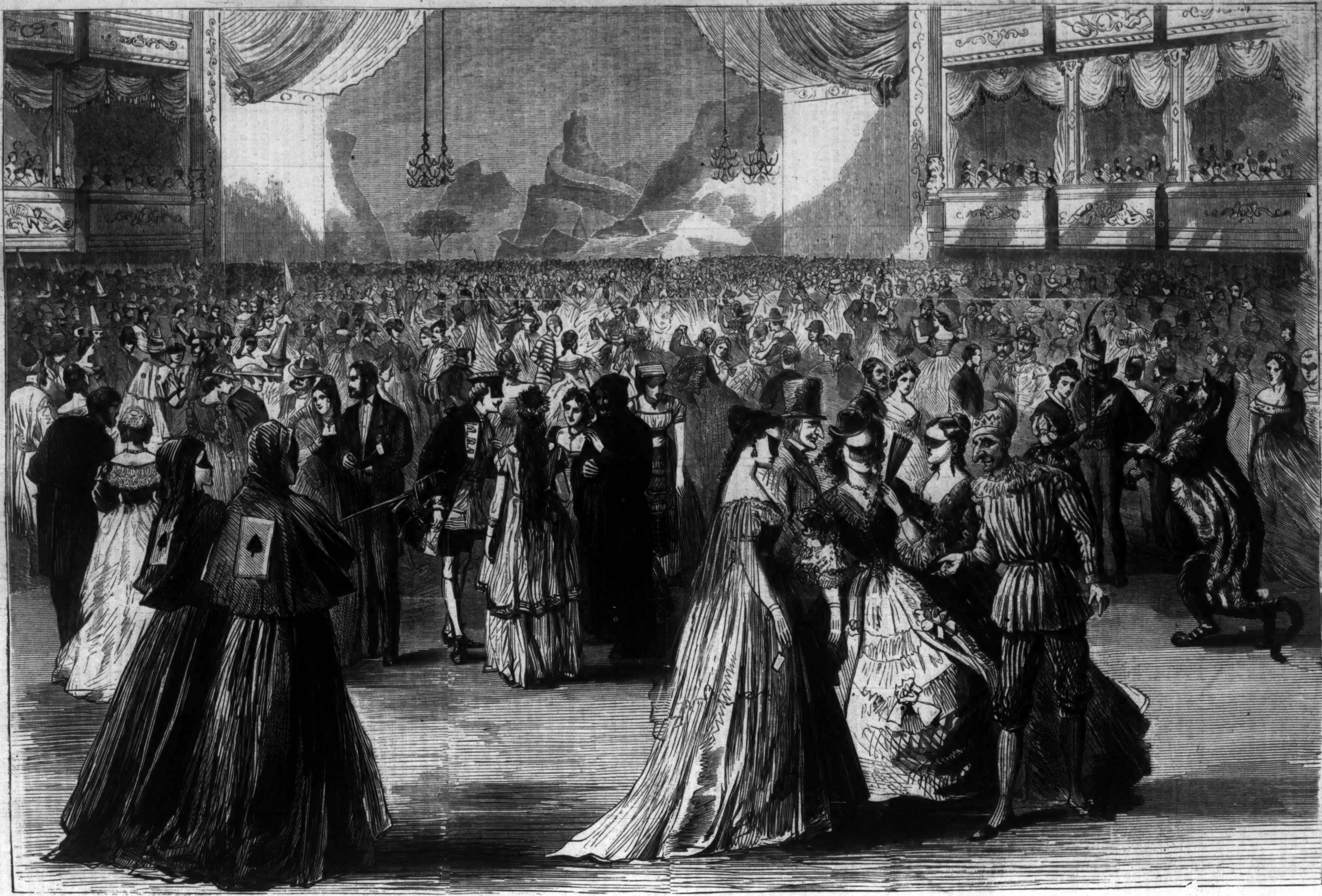
The resolutions on Reform introduced by the Derby Cabinet in the English House of Commons were withdrawn, the Government party fearing to let them pass to a vote. This action resulted in divisions in the Cabinet, Earl Carnarvon, Mr. Adderly, and others, having resigned, and the Duke of Richmond, Sir John Pakington, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. H. J. Corry, and Mr. M. S. Cave having assumed the vacated places. We publish this week the portraits of the members of the Cabinet as formed previous to the changes here noted.

The bill for the Confederation of the British Provinces in America passed the House of Lords on February 26, and was pending in the House of Commons on March 5.

General Escobedo, in his official report of his victory over General Miramon at San Jacinto on February 1, states that he drove the Imperialists in confusion four leagues, and then, by a sudden charge of cavalry, completely routed them, capturing all their artillery, ammunition trains, equipages, and in short "all they had." He adds that two columns of cavalry continued in pursuit of the Imperial leader, whose person he hoped to secure.



INDIAN DELEGATIONS AT WASHINGTON—PRESENTATION TO THE PRESIDENT.—From a Photograph by A. Gardner, Washington, D. C.—[See Page 173.]



GRAND FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—[See Page 166.]

THE ACADEMY BALL.

THE Academy of Music, which was destroyed by fire in 1866, has been rebuilt, and was thrown open to the public on the night of March 1, when the dedicatory ceremonies consisted in the brilliant fancy-dress ball, which we illustrate on page 165.

The exterior of the new Academy is generally condemned as "a dull deformity of old materials saved from the ruins, and painted a savage red to hide the unseemly bats;" but the interior arrangements, though not the decorations, are more worthy of praise as affording unusual advantages for seeing the stage, of ingress and egress, etc. The issue of tickets for the ball from the sales office was limited to one thousand, which, with the extra ladies' tickets and the few complimentaries, made an aggregate of perhaps three thousand. These were all represented, and no more, so that while there was an attendance quite sufficiently large to insure brilliancy and geniality, there was not enough to give discomfort or cause annoyance. The number of fancy dresses was unusually large, and the elegance of the toilets was universally remarked. The usual variety of characters, from the impossible Yankee to the hand-rubbing clown—from Queen ELIZABETH to Mrs. GRUNDY—was noticed. Several hundred couples engaged in the various dances.

THE SWITCH-TENDER'S STORY.

IT was lonely and wild enough the spot in which my future life—for some years, at least—was to be spent; a rough cabin of logs and laths, with a chimney of stone and plaster in the midst of almost uncleared woods, and shut in by the huge, precipitous crests of rocky hills. Neighbors there were none, save at Hiram Wycliffe's red farm-house in the valley some few miles below; and it was only in the blue transparence of the clearest days that I could see the dim wreaths of smoke curling up from his chimneys.

Yet the solitude was not unpleasant to me. I had needed employment, and here it was ready to my hand. I had been struggling to ward off the iron grasp of actual poverty; here was a competence decent, although barely sufficient. Nor was I discontented.

I had not, however, been the only aspirant for the situation of switch-tender at the Branhill Station. John Walker had also applied for it, and I had heard a floating rumor, half-heeded at the time and totally disbelieved afterward, that pretty Barbara Wycliffe had herself gone to the city and used her influence with the attachés of the railroad company in Walker's behalf. I admired Barbara Wycliffe myself—there was something in the tropic glow of her dark Spanish beauty, and the sparkle of her black-lashed, brown eyes, that was strangely attractive to me. Somehow I did not fancy the idea of her becoming the wife of a sullen, reticent fellow like John Walker; and whenever the vision of a possible home of my own rose before me, Barbara Wycliffe's glowing face lighted up its undefined walls.

The sun was creeping slowly up the leafless woods and sombre stretches of black-green pines that covered the eastern hill one sparkling March afternoon, as I came leisurely in after half an hour's brisk work at wood-cutting down in the hollow. The instant I entered I became conscious, by that peculiar magnetic influence which all have experienced, of the presence of some one else in the little apartment. Nor was I mistaken. John Walker was lounging in the rocking-chair by the one window, reading a week-old newspaper.

"Halloo, Walker! how came *you* here?"

"Through the back-door. I've just strolled up from Wycliffe's. And how are you getting along, old fellow?"

"Oh, first-rate. What are you doing?"

"Nothing just at present. I am looking for a place on the E—— road as brakeman until something better turns up. Upon my word you've got things pretty snug here, Reuben. Does the Company give you the place?"

"Yes."

"Comfortable, though not gorgeous," he said, looking carelessly around. "Nice warm walls, chimney big enough to roast an ox—two, if you want 'em—furniture neat—clock on the shelf—what's that for, eh?"

I smiled as I confessed the clock's utility.

"Not having yet attained the dignity of a watch, I depend on a clock to inform me of the time."

"Oh, that's it! Pretty hard work? Switches changed often?"

"Only twice a day, when the down "Lightning" meets the up Accommodation on the branch road, and the Way Mail on the branch leaves the main track."

"Late?"

I could not but think him impertinent, and looked rather suddenly at him; but he was not at all disturbed by my gaze. What a lounging, insolent sort of way he had as he put the questions indifferently to me—as if even the petty details of my daily life were preferable to no amusement at all. But I resolutely checked my rising choler by remembering that, in a certain sense, he was, for the time being, my guest—though an unwelcome one—and answered, pleasantly:

"Well, yes, late and early; at nine in the morning for the branch road, and seven in the evening for the "Lightning."

"I should think you led a pretty easy life of it, Eyre," said Walker, wrinkling his ugly eyebrows discontentedly.

"You are right; it is not hard, only one has to be promptly on the spot."

"Yes," he said, absently; "yes, to be sure. See much of old Wycliffe's folks here, eh?"

"Occasionally."

We chatted on for five or ten minutes longer, and I was unmistakably relieved at length to see him rise to depart. All the time he had been talking his cold, gray eyes had wandered about the apartment, not uneasily, it is true, but seemingly endeavoring to avoid meeting mine; and he never once looked at me with the frank, fearless gaze that is most appropriate between man and man.

"Well, old fellow, I'm off. Don't make love to pretty Barbara if I go on the E—— road!"

I smiled a forced smile; but I could have cheerfully knocked the coarse jester down, and I watched his retreating footsteps with a feeling of hearty gratification. I had never liked or trusted that man; and the very idea of his presuming to take Barbara Wycliffe's name in his mouth was indescribably revolting to me.

The next day was one of those brilliant bits of sunshine and brightness that occasionally diversify the early weeks of our Northern spring, *avant couriers* of soft-eyed April and blossoming May. The air was blue as liquid sapphire; the folded leaf-buds seemed visibly to stir and swell, and here and there, in sunny, sheltered nooks, the velvet grass glowed greenly beneath dead, rustling leaves. I had been down in the woods piling up and trimming the logs I had yesterday cut, and on returning up the narrow glen path I saw the light flutter of a scarlet shawl cross the window of my little dwelling from the inside.

"More company," I thought, with a quick, electric bound at my heart; for I knew there was but one woman for miles around who would be likely to visit me, and then, besides, Barbara Wycliffe's sweet eyes were like lodestars to me, and I felt it must be her. I sprang up the slope with a movement as light as my heart, and entered at the wide-open door.

"Barbara," I said, holding out both my hands, "this is an unexpected pleasure."

She had been crimson when my footstep first sounded on the threshold; now she turned deadly pale with a whiteness that startled me.

"Oh, is it you, Reuben—Mr. Eyre? I'm so glad you have come. I—I—" She stammered and stuttered painfully, and was much confused. "I—I was looking for our stray guinea-fowls in the woods above, and I went further than I had any idea of. I was very tired, and I thought I would stop in a minute and rest."

"And you are as welcome as flowers in May, Barbara; but you *know* you are."

For she had smiled up in my face with an arch, half-doubtful look. There was no question of absent color now; her cheeks glowed like—like—like the velvet petals of a "Giant of Battles" rose, I suppose the poets would say; but I thought of the red glare of the locomotive's head-light, which was always beautiful to me.

"And did you find the runaways?"

"No. I think they must be down in the maple swamp. I shall look there for them to-morrow. But, Mr. Eyre, I wanted to say, besides—" She hesitated and hung down her head.

"Well, Barbara, what?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said, convulsively. "I don't know what. But I came to—to warn you—"

Again the deathly pallor came over her face. There was a strange, startled look in her large brown eyes.

"Warn me, Barbara! Of what?"

"Of him—of that man—John Walker."

I had felt when she said she came to warn me that it was of that man. She was surprised that I was not startled, and asked me, hurriedly:

"What was he doing here to-day, Reuben?"

I did look at her in astonishment this time.

"Has he been here to-day, Barbara? You are thinking of yesterday evening?" I suggested.

"No, I am not," she answered, impetuously. "I am *not* thinking of yesterday evening. I mean to-day; not an hour ago."

"What makes you think he was here, Barbara?"

"Because I saw him; because I—I *followed* him. I know he was bent on mischief, and mischief against you."

I shook my head doubtfully.

"Are you quite sure you are not mistaken? For if he had been here, would he not have staid to see me? When did you see him here, and where?"

"I tell you it was but a little while ago. He means you mischief, Reuben, be sure of that. I *saw* him put a large knife in his breast as he left the house, and I followed him—followed him until I saw him reach the door. He stopped by the door, and stood still a minute or two as if he were listening."

"Perhaps he was listening to hear if I were at home."

"I was sure of it, and I started on a run to the house to warn you; but I was so agitated I could not move fast. I saw him enter, and I tried to scream, but could not. I felt he would do you an injury with that knife."

"Well?"

"Well, he went in and closed the door behind him, but he did not remain there more than two minutes; for as I ran I saw him come out again and strike right into the woods to the left."

"That is the short cut to the railroad switch. Perhaps he expected to find me there."

"Perhaps he did," said Barbara.

"Or possibly"—the "green-eyed monster" was reasserting its presence once more, and trying to smile, I said—"possibly he knew you were out, and hoped to meet *you* somewhere in the vicinity."

Barbara's long lashes drooped for a moment; then there was a flash in her eyes; and then she answered, carelessly, with a just-perceptible sneer:

"It is just possible that he did, though why he should arm himself to meet me is beyond my comprehension. At all events he went the wrong way. Good-evening."

"Surely you are not going yet?"

"I must, thank you. Father will certainly think I am lost if I don't hurry home."

I glanced up at the clock in the corner. It was rather earlier than I had thought—only half past five.

"You will let me walk with you as far as the bridge, Barbara?" I pleaded.

Ordinarily she would have hesitated a while, or else have uncompromisingly refused my escort. She possessed all the impulses and wiles of a finished drawing-room coquette, this little rustic maiden of the wilderness, and seldom missed an opportunity of tormenting me as much as possible. I had offended her by my allusion to John Walker, and though previously she had seemed almost unlike her usual piquant capricious self, the disposition to coquette with me seemed about returning. Yet, after a moment's hesitation, she grew serious again. Had I deemed it possible that she could ever experience the sensation of personal fear I should have fancied that she was afraid of something or somebody, for her hand trembled as she laid it on my arm. And at the same time there was an inscrutable something in the melting darkness of her eye that seemed to appeal to me with a voiceless cry for help.

"What is it, Barbara?" I questioned, instinctively.

She looked wonderingly at me—the look had all gone out of her eyes now.

"Nothing. I did not speak."

"But what ails you? Why are you so depressed in spirits?"

"I feel there is something wrong—that man—you have escaped him this time, but I want you to be wary of him."

"For your sake?" I ventured, stutteringly and hesitatingly.

"For your own sake," she answered; and then both of us were silent for some time.

What a delightful, dreamy walk that was, down to the bridge, whose rude planks spanned the shallow, brawling stream, with the low sun hanging like a ball of gold above the purpled woods, and the air full of fragrant breathings of the spring-tide, whose coming footsteps were already sweet upon the hills! Pleasant in spite of warning and Walker. Barbara's softly-spoken "Good-by!" sounded like saddest music as I turned away from the bridge, regretting that I could not prolong the rambling *tête-à-tête* to an indefinite length.

A few paces higher up I turned once more to watch the scarlet gleam of Barbara's wrappings through the column-like trunks of the leafless trees, and as my eye rested on this one bright glimpse of color a tall figure emerged with a stealthy air from the thickets beyond and joined her.

It was John Walker's self! How the sharp pang of jealousy shot through my heart as I saw him bend over her little hand, and still hold it in his as he walked by her side, apparently talking in the most earnest manner. Was it a preconcerted interview between them? Had she told him to meet her as soon as I, the deluded dupe, was safely out of the way? Did they make my home a rendezvous, to escape the eyes of her father? Or did they—

Hark! Surely that was a cry, wild and startling, full of horror, that disturbed the gloomy current of my meditations—a cry from Barbara Wycliffe's lips! From my commanding post on the higher ground I could see that she had started back from him and drawn her hand away. My first thought was to spring down into the ravine and join her, but I desisted when I saw him take the hand once again. I could see—not hear—that he was speaking in an eager manner, making frequent and impulsive gestures, pointing in my direction; and then I saw him grasp her hand again; I saw his arm around her waist, her head upon his shoulder; and I saw, too, that she did not again repulse him.

"I am glad I did not make a fool of myself," I muttered, bitterly, between my set teeth, turning away and hastening, with long, irregular strides, up the hill. "Let them go on their way. It is the last time I shall allow myself to be duped by the bright eyes of a heartless coquette. I am glad I have discovered her in her true light at last!"

But I deceived myself. I was *not* glad. The sorest pang that ever rent a true and honest heart was gnawing at mine as I slowly returned to the house, or rather cabin; and the lively refrain I forced myself to whistle as I went died away into melancholy minor ere I was aware of it. As I entered the room I looked up involuntarily, with the instinct that grows from constant habit, at the clock. The hands indicated the hour of six. I had somehow fancied it to be later than that. The sun had dipped down behind the purple line of woods; the long shadows of the tree-trunks, stretching out across the brown turf in front of my door-step, had vanished; and just in the warm orange glow of the west a great golden star flamed and quivered, like a solitary eye of fire.

"It can't be that the sun sets earlier than usual," I said to myself, half doubtfully; "and yet—"

While I stood there hesitating, I knew not why, the silver sound of a far-off village bell—the church bell of St. Mark's, at Branhill, heard only in the clearest and stillest days, and when the wind set in a peculiar direction—rang out its strokes with marvelous distinctness.

"One—two—three—four—five—six—*seven!*"

Like invisible writing suddenly flashing into view at the magic action of fire, the whole chain of circumstances became frightfully, diabolically clear. John Walker's mysterious presence in my cabin but two hours since was sufficiently explained now. He had writhed in, deadly and noiseless, like a serpent, to work my ruin, and elevate himself upon the wreck of my good name and trust. His hand had moved backward the indices of my time-piece upon the dial with a motive too horrible for me to contemplate without a shudder. He knew (for had I not myself told him?) that the Lightning Express, going north, met the branch-road train at seven o'clock, and that it rushed wildly forward without stopping, with only a whistle of warning. The switch was set to the branch road; it must be changed at a quarter to seven, or the Lightning Express would leave the track and collide with the "Accommodation," calmly waiting it in fancied security. Yes; John Walker had deliberately laid his plans to ruin me; and Barbara—could it be possible that Barbara's sweet frankness, her unwonted presence, her warning, were part of his fiendish conspiracy to divert my attention, and wile me away from the post of duty? Was Barbara in his interest? and had I been doubly deceived? As I stood there perfectly motionless, with cold drops oozing out upon my brow, and a frozen sort of rigidity at my heart, I could almost see the shattered cars, the shapeless, splintered ruin, the crushed machinery, the ghastly faces upturned to the glowing purple of the fair twilight sky; I could hear the shrieks and groans and dying gasps through the dull, continuous roar that seemed to surge across my brain! And *I—I* should have been the unconscious murderer, the guiltless criminal! O God of all mercies! Was there no way of averting the impending shadow of this awful catastrophe?

All this was thought in a second; and before the chimes had ceased ringing the final stroke of seven I bounded from the room. My usual route down to the switch was a foot-path, steep and narrow, that skirted the edges of the precipitous hills; but there was a nearer and much more direct way, through dense undergrowth and matted briers and bushes, through which I plunged, heedless of tearing thorns and tangled branches which seemed to impede my progress with almost human malice. As I ran my speed was accelerated by the shrill whistle of the approaching Accommodation train. I did not mind that—the Accommodation would stop on its track and wait for the Lightning Express to pass; but I had not a second to spare, for usually the whistle of the Lightning was heard as if it were the echo of the other, so nearly simultaneously were they due at Branhill Junction. As I neared the track with breath that came in short, panting sobs and laboring pulses, I saw, as it were, through a scarlet mist of blood, the white, starry gleam of the signal-lamp in its accustomed place—the "all right" token to the engineer of the Lightning train!

Whose hand had so foully lighted that treacherous star of doom?

As I ran I had searched for the key of the switch-lock. It was safe. I sprang to the track, hurling down the signal with a vehemence that shivered the strong glass to a thousand atoms. I thrust the key into the lock and unlocked the switch. Great Heavens! the lever was immoyable! The villain had done his work completely, and with a small wooden wedge driven firmly between the lever and the iron frame-work of the switch had made the movement of the former impossible. The loud shriek of the now approaching train gave me additional strength in vain, for I could not move the rails. Walker and Barbara Wycliffe had neglected no one link in the chain of their detestable plot. One instant I stood, in the utter abandonment of despair. In the same terrible instant the glare of the thundering train flashed on the track and lighted it up with painful brilliancy, and I saw, as I knew, that the rails were wrong. While my mind seemed to give way before the terrible doom which I had no power to avert, a breathless, gasping voice sounded close in my ear, and a heavy iron implement was thrust into my hands. I did not see her, but I knew who it was. I did not see the implement which I grasped, but I knew there was strength in it.

"Reuben! Reuben! Quick! it is the crow-bar!"

Before she had finished the words I had formed my plan of action; I had acted. With a powerful blow I struck the iron rod of the switch—the thin stem which connected the lever and the rails, and which before had moved them, but which now prevented them from moving. A single blow was enough. I heard the sharp twang of the iron rod as it snapped. I bounded to the side of the track. I placed the crow-bar as a lever under the rail, and was about to move the switch, with a laugh of relief, into its place, when I felt both my arms grappled from behind with a hold as firm as steel, and I was thrown violently back, dropping the crow-bar as I fell.

"Not so fast, Reuben Eyre," hissed the hated voice of John Walker close to my ear. "I will be revenged yet, though pretty Barbara has played me false."

I struggled, with a strength that afterward seemed to me well-nigh supernatural, to free myself from his clinging grasp, but in vain. He had drawn me, I suppose unconsciously, on to the track, and I could already feel beneath my feet the thrill and tremble of the firm earth—a sure token that the approaching train was nearing us. I thought of the unsuspecting passengers whose fate hung in the balance. Were they to perish when help and rescue lay almost within a hand's-breadth of me? They talk of the bitterness of death—*this* was the bitterness of life; and in that moment of horrible suspense I drank the loathed cup to the very dregs.

But help—thanks to God's providence!—was nearer at hand than I had dared to hope. While I strove with John Walker's herculean strength Barbara Wycliffe had, with surprising courage and presence of mind, seized the crow-bar, and had forced the rails into position. Brave girl! It did not require more than a woman's strength, but she did need at that moment more than a man's courage. It wasn't nerve and sinew she needed, but the heart to do it. The train did not slacken its speed. The engineer had failed to notice the absence of the signal, and dashed wildly ahead. It did not matter now. The switch was all right and the danger was past.

The danger past? Not so. Can you believe that, while I distinctly saw all this, saw Barbara's act, saw the rails move, saw them rightly adjusted, saw the engineer's mistake—actually reflected that his mistake resulted from his firm confidence in me—I had never failed him before—can you comprehend that all this time—it was only an instant, though—I was engaged in a struggle for life with John Walker? Mind and matter were totally distinct. Mentally, I was absorbed in Barbara's work; physically, I grappled with John Walker. Now, the danger to the train past, mind returned to matter, and Walker soon found I was more than a match for him. My first reflection was to drag him and myself from the track, across which we were struggling. It was the work of an instant. Then, with a superhuman effort, I endeavored to free myself from his grasp, and I threw him violently from me. He staggered back a pace or two, vainly endeavoring to recover his equilibrium, and then fell.

Fell, great Heaven! directly across the iron track!

I made an instinctive step forward to save him, but Barbara Wycliffe's arms were clasped tightly around me, Barbara's voice was crying out wildly,

"Reuben! Reuben! for *my* sake!"

And in the same breath the Lightning Express rushed over the track like a fiery serpent, and I knew that John Walker's accounts with Time were closed forever.

The engineer and fireman of the Accommodation train, which was standing on the branch road, had, in the glare of the locomotive, witnessed the struggle, had heard Barbara's screams, and now came rushing forward. In awed silence they removed the body from the track where it lay, fearfully crushed and mangled, with glazed eyes upturned, and brow still contracted with the scowl of mortal rage.

So the man died, and there was no living soul to mourn his death.

As the engineer of the Accommodation comprehended the situation and explained it to the wondering passengers, he turned to me as I mechanically readjusted the switch to allow the Accommodation to pass, and said,

"Lucky for you, old fellow, that the Lightning was five minutes behind time."

Five minutes behind time—and those five minutes had held the destiny of life and death within their pulsing seconds!

As the last crash and rattle of the vanishing train, which now sped on its way, smote upon my ear, my duty for the night wholly done, all the fictitious strength that had lent vigor to my arm, and nerve to my limbs, seemed taken from me. My friendly crow-bar dropped with a dull sound from my hands, the far-off crests of the purple hills seemed to reel and tremble, and I fell like a log to the ground, weak and fainting, with Barbara Wycliffe's sweet face bending over me, like the face of an angel.

When thought and sense returned to me once more, days after, I was in my little cabin, and the Wycliffes, father and daughter, were ministering to me. And the farmer told me how the people from all about the country had come to look at the dead man, and hear the verdict of the coroner's jury, and to see how narrowly the passengers of the two trains had escaped the doom that had come down upon *him* like an avenging spirit.

"And I tell ye, it made their blood run cold," said the farmer. "They called my little girl a heroine, and I ain't sure but that they're right!"

"Barbara," said I, when the old man had gone to the spring for water, and we were left alone together, "how did it happen? How did you know that *he*—"

"He told me himself," said Barbara, in a low, troubled voice.

"When?"

"That evening, after I had left you at the bridge."

"And you, Barbara, what did you say?"

"At first I screamed with terror. Then he told me he had done it for love of me; that when he got your place he would marry me. What could I do? I dared not turn back to you, for there was murder in his eyes, and he would have stabbed you—perhaps me, too, long before I could have reached you; so I let him fancy—God forgive me—that I would be his accomplice in his wicked schemes and his wife afterward. He told me all he had done. So when he left me I went straight to where I had seen my father's crow-bar lying by the track; and oh, Reuben! it seemed as if I never should be able to drag its weary weight through the woods to your post. Every rush of the wind in the tree-tops seemed like the train coming, and every rustling leaf was John Walker's step!"

She bowed her head in her hands with a shudder. But Farmer Wycliffe's footfall was on the frozen earth outside, and I had not yet learned quite all I wanted to know.

"Then, Barbara, I was wrong when I thought you loved John Walker."

"Wrong—altogether wrong!"

"And it was not he—but—but *me* you loved all the time?"

The roses came to her cheek—the small head was poised more royally.

"Because, darling, I have loved *you* these many months. Tell me my fate quickly—your father is close at hand. Is it yes or no?"

And Barbara whispered "Yes!"

All this happened, you know, years ago. I have the longed-for "home of my own" at last, where Barbara's beauty glows with perpetual sunshine, and all the trace that now remains of my own adventure is the solitary grave on the edge of the wood where John Walker lies buried.

WINGLETS

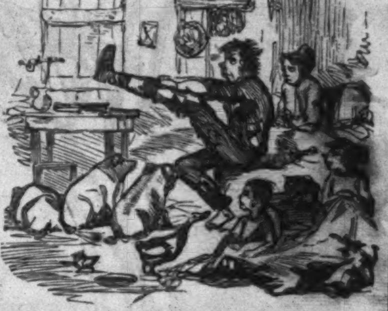
FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

Trinity Bay, N. F., *February* 20.

Dear Weekly,—The following telegrams by the Atlantic Cable are full of interest, the Company having already declared a dividend of ten per cent. interest on five months' operations, and the interest in the working of the Cable is continually increasing:

(SPECIAL TO THE C. O. W. OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.)

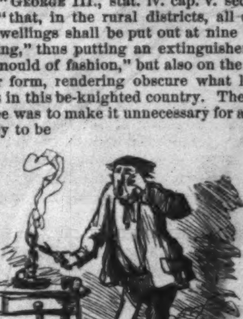
Dublin, *Feb.* 19.—News has been received here that there has been



A RISING OF THE FENIANS

at Killarney, and it is believed this rising will extend to adjoining counties. This telegram was dated at 4 o'clock in the morning, Greenwich time, and this early-rising movement on the part of the hitherto lazy Irishmen of this section is looked upon with great favor by Bright, Mill, and other English philanthropists who look on the Bright side of politics; but the British Government sees no good in the natives getting their eyes open so early.

[In this connection it may be well for me to mention a fact not generally known concerning the cunning of her Majesty's Government in trying to keep this people in the dark. For some time past—dating as far back as "George III., stat. iv. cap. v. sec. 6"—it is ordered "that, in the rural districts, all candles in private dwellings shall be put out at nine o'clock in the evening," thus putting an extinguisher not only on the "mould of fashion," but also on the dip of no particular form, rendering obscure what little light there was in this be-knighted country. The object of this decree was to make it unnecessary for a person in any family to be



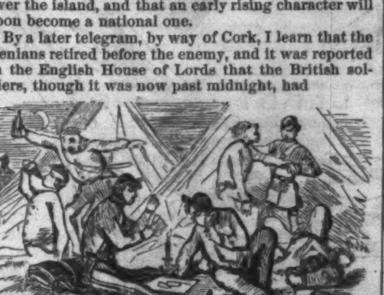
"UP TO SNUFF,"

thus making it the more certain, about half of the time, of shutting up the eyes of the whole nation.]

It was reported that the Fenians had cut the cable, but further information elicited the fact that they had used the mail in the transmission of their messages, and had thus "cut" the cable and the Company on account of their high charges.

The uprising is at present confined to the counties of Cork and Kerry, but it is hoped it will extend all over the island, and that an early rising character will soon become a national one.

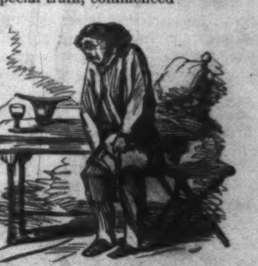
By a later telegram, by way of Cork, I learn that the Fenians retired before the enemy, and it was reported in the English House of Lords that the British soldiers, though it was now past midnight, had



NO IDEA OF RETIRING,

but were awaiting the arrival of the iron-clads off Cork, to put a Cork's-crew aboard, for the purpose of drawing the fire of the Fenians, and keeping up the excitement.

An artist of the *Illustrated London News* having arrived in a special train, commenced



A DRAWING OF CORK

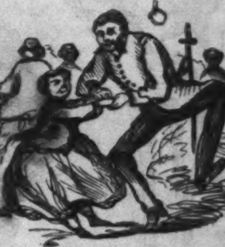
for that paper, but was unable to finish it on account of the "rotten burrow" system so prevalent in Cork.

It appears that the Fenians have retired to the Sleevegammon Hills. These are old settlers in this part of the country, and are no connection of Yankee Hill's whatever.

Chief-Organizer Stephens is reported to be here, and there; and it was stated in Parliament that Colonel Horsford's force was altogether too small to follow Stephens, as he was in so many places at once, and 40,000 more men were asked for to watch the Chief Organizer. [If they only knew the difficulty we had in finding Stephens while in New York city, they would see that the force they contemplate is entirely inadequate.]

A number of Marines have been ordered from Plymouth to Ireland. This came about by the Irish Secretary, Lord Naas, telegraphing to Earl Derby that the Fenians were rising and would massacre all of the inhabitants. The Earl replied to the messenger, "Tell that to the Marines!" which the faithful and frightened bearer of dispatches immediately did.

Along with a number of troops that were sent over were



THE LANCERS,

who are doing much execution, having already had some hand-to-hand engagements with the natives.

Twenty Americans are said to be acting with the Fenians, which, if true, must make quite a large Stock Company, as subsequent reports showed that there were one hundred and twenty Irishmen performing in this Screaming Farce.

The British Government has posted troops, under the command of Colonel Horsford, at Mallow Junction; but how the Government posted them, whether by newspapers or special agents, my telegram does not inform me; many of them, however, were very badly posted, as they could not tell my informer the whereabouts of Stephens.

The county of Kerry is said to be in a state of siege, and the inhabitants in a state of excitement. Peace is not looked for between these two states for some time. Nobody is working—even the telegraph wires ceased before dinner-time.

Later.—Ireland is entirely quiet. Chief-Organizer Stephens is reported to be there, but the danger seems past. This must be good news for the Chief Organizer.

Still Later.—The danger that is past does not refer to the C. O. I. R., but to the British Government.

Colonel Horsford now commands all of the hills at the Junction, and we believe it is the purpose of the Government to dress them in green this spring.

The very Latest.—The Government denies that there has been any disturbance in Ireland at all, but says every thing is as quiet as usual.

N.B.—An Orangeman came into the office of the Ocean Telegraph here to-day, and made a charge on the Superintendent of four cents, Canadian currency, for an orange, but the fellow's claim was instantly rejected by the whole office, including your own

C. O. W.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Multitudes of the citizens of this proud metropolis daily pass through a fearful, mind-disturbing, body-torturing, dress-destroying ordeal. Strong men and delicate women, infirm age and tender babyhood, the merchant who counts his thousands and the poor sewing girl, with just *six cents* in her pocket, *all* suffer, if not equally, yet in sympathetic proximity.

Our city cars, crammed with human beings, remind one of those trains of freight cars densely packed with pitiful-looking cattle. Who has not seen them? At the close of business hours, almost any day, there is a general scramble at the terminus of every line of cars. Seats are full before the car stops, standing-places are occupied before the up-town trip is commenced. Yet still at every block new arrivals are crowded *in* or *on* the few square inches which was vacant between two pairs of boots. If by chance you were among the early comers, and have secured a seat, you can moralize to your heart's content. No newspaper can be opened in a crowded car at 5 o'clock P.M. Where your lot is cast there must you remain fixed and immovable! Attempts at politeness are futile. How can people be polite and gallant herded together like cattle, suffocated, smothered, squeezed, and jammed? The human freight, some suspended by straps, and others vainly seeking such unstable support, are *matted* together. They do not complain loudly, their hopeless misery has long since passed that point.

> "*Light* sufferings give us leisure to complain,
> We groan, but can not speak, in greater pain."

They stand stolidly, enduring to the end. An independent boy may slightly object to having his head "squeezed to a jelly," and give an extra and unnecessary punch. And a tired woman may heave a sigh of weariness. But in general the monotony of misery is only varied by the sudden lurch of humanity forward and backward, and the agonizing extrication of some unfortunate from the interwoven mass. It is quite impossible for any body to move more than an inch or so; gentle attempts to reach the platform are useless. One can only *push* his way through the crowd, and all understand the necessity and don't blame him. And if it be a lady who makes the effort—alas! we will not dwell on the subject—with panting breath and disordered dress she is devoutly thankful if disentangled without serious injury.

And this is an everyday affair in the metropolis of North America in the nineteenth century!

To lay aside moralizing on the general discomforts of our car system, a fact may be mentioned, indicating one danger (only one of many) in connection therewith. Recently the floor of a city car fell through, there being at the time fifty or sixty persons crowded into and upon the car. Is there no one ingenious enough to devise a *practical* remedy for this great evil?

The new Academy of Music was "opened" last week by the annual ball of the firemen; on which occasion there was a brilliant gathering of "fair women and brave men." As to the dress of the ladies—always a point of vital interest—an eye-witness declared that there were sylphs in satin, fairies in flounces, seraphs in silks, and peris in pearls. The "Fireman's Ball," however, was but a prelude to the more general opening of the Academy, when the "Grand Bal d'Opera" came off with great *éclat*.

Murders in every conceivable variety are becoming more and more fashionable. In general the circumstances are *so peculiar*, that the murderer is regarded as merely a very "unfortunate" individual, and as claiming the sympathy of every kindly heart. Not long since a man shot his enemy—who was on trial for crime—deliberately, in broad day light, in the court-room. "The unfortunate man was regarded with much sympathy by the majority in court," because he had received special provocation months before. A short time ago, a jealous woman in Hoboken shot her husband in a ball-room. When brought before a justice for examination "there were quite a number of persons present, most of whom expressed the greatest sympathy for the unfortunate young woman, and it was the general opinion that when all the facts become known no jury could be found to convict her." So it is, and murders continue to be frightfully common.

There is a project on foot for opening Fifth Avenue to the Battery. The proposed bill provides for the appointment of three commissioners, who shall have power to open "Fifth Avenue through the Parade Ground, down Laurens Street to West Broadway, through College Place to Greenwich Street, striking the latter street near Dey Street, and running thence to Battery Place." It is argued in favor of this project that it is the best method of relieving Broadway of its present crowd of travel. The tendency will be to concentrate large warehouses in the vicinity of this street, and to improve that portion of the city.

It is a fact worthy of being universally known that every hack driver in New York city is obliged to bear on himself as well as on his coach the number of his license, as well as to keep posted up in his vehicle a card bearing the following statement of the legal rates of fare:

	Cents.
For one passenger, one mile or less	50
For each additional passenger in same coach	37½
For one passenger, any distance exceeding one mile and less than two miles	75
For each additional passenger, same distance at the same time	37½

If the number of the coach be not shown on the outside and the rates of fare on the inside of the vehicle the passenger is not obliged by law to pay any fare. In case he is charged more than legal rate he can pay under protest, and bring the driver to account by reporting his number and making complaint at the Twenty-sixth Police Precinct, at the City Hall.

At a recent lecture given by John G. Saxe, before the medical students of Bellevue Hospital, he related the following little incident, illustrative of the original meaning of the word "*cure*." "A few years ago an English practitioner presented a bill to a widow for services rendered her deceased husband, in which the word 'cure' was employed in its original and appropriate sense. There was in the account but one item, preceding a modest sum in *£. s. d.*, which read as follows:

'To curing your husband till he died.'"

Suits for divorces are increasing, and the provocation that is *needful* to make out a cause, in some cases, is very small. For example: A woman in Chicago, on visiting her husband's office, discovered long hairs in his hair-brush, and has sued for a divorce. Gentlemen better keep their office hair-brushes under lock and key.

If a certain Mississippi paper may be relied upon there are many girls of genuine worth in that State—girls who have been reared in luxury, but who, since the war has changed their circumstances, cheerfully chop wood, drive a two-horse wagon, go to market, and do all the house-work. They can go in the kitchen, too, and prepare a dinner equal to a French cook. The spirit they manifest is deserving of great commendation.

A terrible tragedy has occurred in California. A gentleman recently made a lady a present of a pair of pistols, and after several trials of skill they concluded to go through the forms of a duel. They took their positions, fired at the word, and, to the terror of the lady, the gentleman fell. She threw herself frantically upon the corpse, embracing and kissing it with every emotion of endearment. Under such magical influences the gentleman revived, and rose unhurt from the ground, and—and—they are to be married!

A Boston newspaper relates a very pleasant incident. An Irish teamster who keeps up his establishment in the "Hub," saw a lady unable to cross a street during one of the days of the slush, and reined his horse so as to bring his sled directly across the street—in Boston the streets are narrow—whereupon the lady accepted his extended hand and crossed without difficulty on the sled. The teamster should have the medal for politeness.

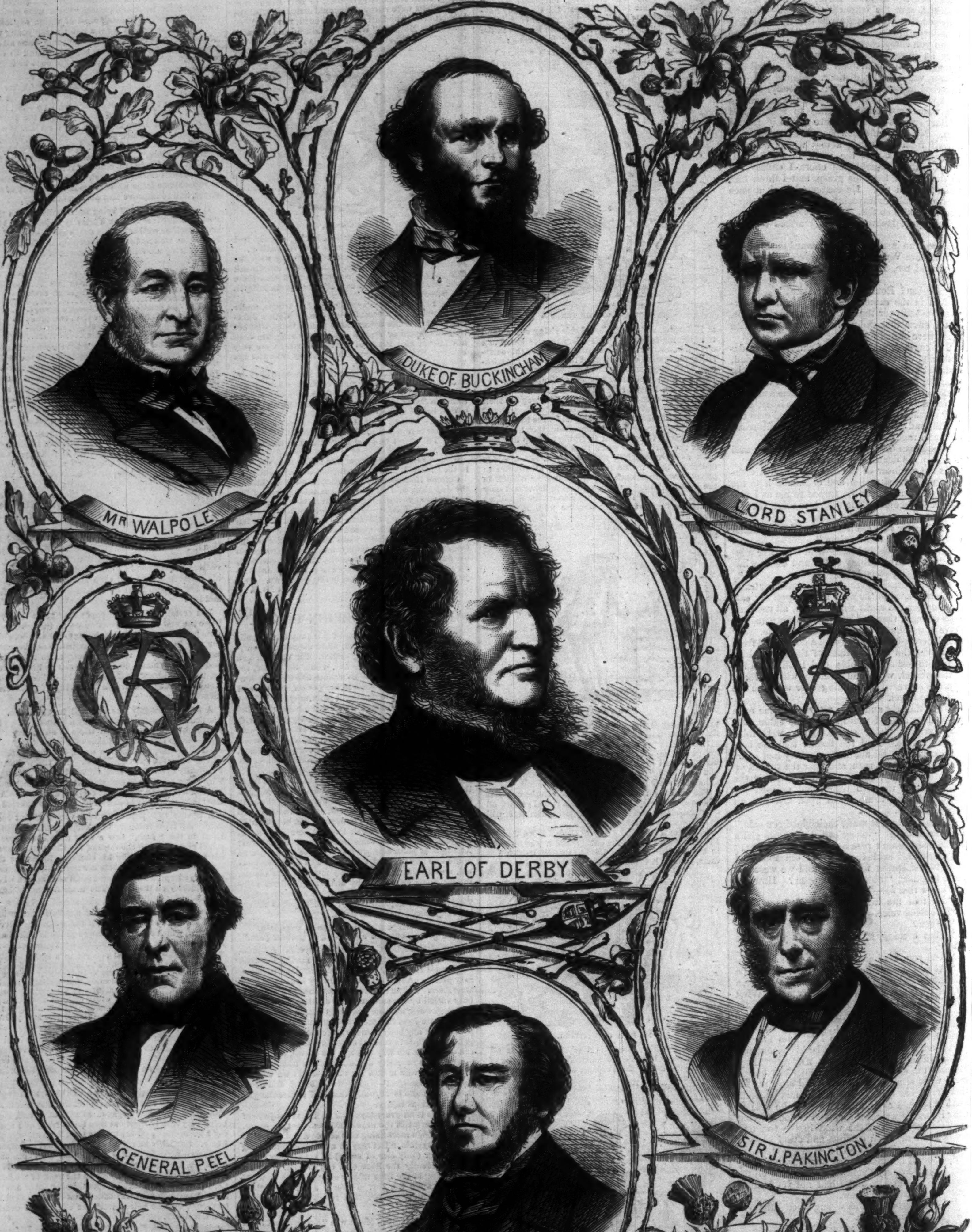
The English have as much difficulty in procuring good servants as Americans, if the following advertisement, which recently appeared in the Birmingham *Post*, gives us the liberty of making a "Yankee guess:"

WANTED—A general servant in a small family, where a man is kept. The housework and cooking all done by the members of the family. The gentleman of the house rises early, but prepares breakfast himself. All the washing is put out, and the kitchen is provided with every comfort and luxury. Cold meat and hash studiously avoided. Wages no object to a competent party. References and photographs exchanged.

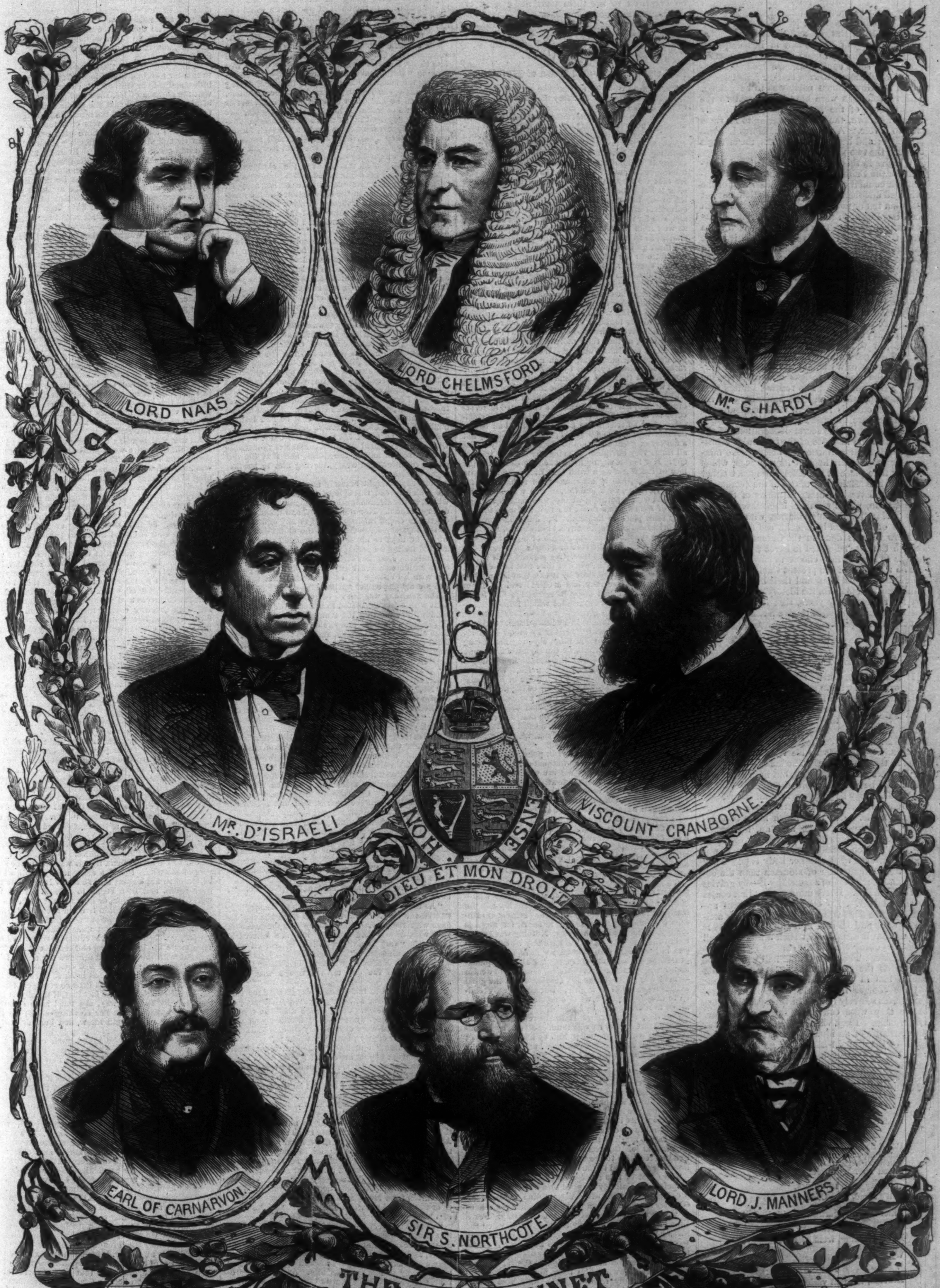
In one section of France there has recently been a fall of red snow, to the depth of three inches, continuing for two hours. The phenomenon is said to be due to the presence of a microscopic mushroom, the *protococcus nivalis*.

A musician belonging to one of the French regiments has just met with an extraordinary death at Vera Cruz. He was engaged to play at a ball, and being very thirsty went out into the garden, and finding a water-bottle on the terrace took it up and drank freely. Suddenly he raised cries of agony, and upon assistance arriving it was found that an enormous centipede had fixed its mandibles in his throat. The animal had taken up its abode in the neck of the bottle, and was washed into his mouth in the act of drinking. A surgeon who was called was obliged to cut it to pieces, but the poison from the bite caused death in a few hours.

Some idea of an English Duke's estate may be formed from the following facts relative to the establishment of the Duke of Devonshire. The park immediately surrounding the place contains 3000 acres. The principal garden for vegetables, fruits, green-houses, etc., is 25 acres. There are 30 green-houses, each from 50 to 75 feet long. Three or four of these contain nothing but pine-apples, others contain nothing but melons and cucumbers. One peach-tree on the glass wall measures 51 feet in width, 15 feet in height, and bears 1000 peaches. It is the largest in the world. The grape-houses, five or six in all, are 700 feet long. The conservatory, filled with every variety of tropical plants, is one of the wonders of the world. It covers an acre of ground, is 100 feet high, of oval shape, and cost $500,000. It is heated by steam and hot-water pipes, which in all are six miles in length. The apparatus consumes 600 tons of coal in a year.


DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
MR WALPOLE
LORD STANLEY
EARL OF DERBY
GENERAL PEEL
SIR J. PAKINGTON
EARL OF MALMESBURY

THE NEW CABINET


LORD NAAS
LORD CHELMSFORD
MR. G. HARDY
MR. D'ISRAELI
VISCOUNT CRANBORNE
HONI ... ENSE
DIEU ET MON DROIT
EARL OF CARNARVON
SIR S. NORTHCOTE
LORD J. MANNERS

THE NEW CABINET

THE ENGLISH CABINET.

THE DERBY Cabinet, which was formed in the first week of July, 1866, has been brought prominently before the public, not only of England but of this country, by the Reform movements of JOHN BRIGHT and his followers. On the assembling of Parliament in February last the DERBY Cabinet, forced to give the question of Reform some consideration, introduced a series of resolutions avowing certain principles by which the Government party was to be guided. These resolutions were bitterly opposed by the leading men of the Reform party, and finally were withdrawn, the Cabinet fearing to let them pass to a vote. A more liberal Reform bill was promised; and here, for the present, the struggle between the two parties rests.

We give in this interesting connection the portraits of the Cabinet of Lord DERBY. The Cabinet is a council of Government consisting of the principal members of the Administration, but not less than ten or more than fifteen or sixteen, with the First Lord of the Treasury, or Prime Minister, at their head. This institution, which dates from the reign of CHARLES II., though it is not expressly recognized by Constitutional law, and has never been referred to in the statutes of the realm, is the very keystone of the whole political structure. It exercises for the time being, on behalf of the Sovereign, the entire authority of the Crown, and is responsible for all the acts of every subordinate official. It is, at the same time, a committee of management for the interests of that party which has the majority in Parliament, or which happens by any other means to hold the government of the country. When the measures of a Cabinet are defeated in Parliament the Cabinet resigns and the opposing party forms another. The retiring leaders then head the Opposition, and the battle between the "ins and outs" is renewed. All measures of importance are discussed and decided upon, it is understood, in the secret deliberations of the Cabinet, at the instance of the particular Ministers to whose department they belong. No minutes or records are kept of its meetings, which usually take place at the official residence either of the Prime Minister or of one of the Secretaries of State. Even the other members of the Administration, which numbers altogether a list of fifty or sixty public functionaries, with the great officers of the royal household, are not allowed to know what is done in the Cabinet Councils, though they are supposed to agree with its resolutions so long as they choose to stay in office.

The members of the present Cabinet are such prominent public men, and their biographies so intimately blended with the history of Great Britain for the last forty years, that it is alike unnecessary and impossible to give a sketch of each in our limited space.

FILLET-AU-FILLY.

IT is stated that horse-flesh has grown so much in favor in Paris, as an article of food, that there are now no less than fifteen butcher-shops for its exclusive sale. Four restaurants also offer the new "viande" as the distinguishing feature of their *carte*.

This is a new and exalted position for the horse to occupy. It opens to his view a future glorious in the prospective! The horse will no longer be placed before the cart, but both carte and horse will be placed before the guests of mine host. This may be justly termed an *inn*-ovation in French hostelry. The French are a horse-pitable people. But the French are a superlatively omnivorous people, and an ingenious. They are the authors of the proverb, "*Chacun a son goût*," which means, literally, that it is nobody's business what another body eats. They have less compunction of stomach than the ostrich, and more ways of squelching it—by gravies and condiments. Every thing is meat that comes to their larder. No doubt, under present approval, horse-flesh will soon become a *stable* article of diet, and be sold at a galloping rate. It is meet that it should. At such a time we shall expect to observe a radical change in hotel nomenclature. The great dining-hall will then be known as the *Salle à Manger*. Guests, with choice bits in their mouths, will go over the various courses in a style which the coursers themselves scarcely rivaled in their palmiest days before they were converted into ragouts and mince-meat. Racy viands will be served up as the souvenirs of antiquated racers; the distilled spirit of the draught-horse will go round in a decanter, and many a stirrup-cup of *ci-devant* thorough-bred win praise from connoisseurs. Some such bill-of-fare as the following will then be found upon first-class tables:

SOUPS.

Horse-tail.
Snaffle, after mile heats.

ROAST, FRIED, ETC.

Roast Saddle.
Mustang, curried.
Fried Withers, unstrung.
Sliced Thorough-bred, Pony sauce.

ENTREES.

Colt's Head, on a Charger.
Stallion Hash.
Fillet-au-Filly, garnished with Fetlocks.

PASTRY.

Blood-Pudding, from best blood-horses.
Sliced Piebalds.
Whip Syllabub.

DESSERT.

Arabian, in great variety.

But we need not anticipate the future by any further speculations. It is sufficient to say that the new system of diet has now been fully installed in France under the most favorable horse-pices. Hereafter the cooks will be the most favored chevaliers among that gallant people. Doubtless the innovation will extend to this country, and be adopted by those whose habit it is to mimic foreign fashions. If so, we shall not be surprised to see them next make asses of themselves, and turn cannibals.

MRS. HALLIDAY.

A Romance of the Old Town of Edinburgh.

THERE are little bits of romance spread here and there in the routine of ordinary life but for which we should be like the fairy Aline, somewhat weary of always the same flowers blooming, and the same birds singing, and the same play of human motives and passions. They are something of the nature of episodes which, as in the case of epic poems, are often the most touching and beautiful in the whole work. Yet the beauty is seldom felt by the actors themselves, who are frequently unfortunate; and so it is that they suffer that we may enjoy the pathos of their suffering after it has gone through the hands of art. We are led to say this as a kind of prelude to one of those episodical dramas which occurred some eighty years ago, and for twenty of them formed a household story, as well from the singularity of the principal circumstances as from the devotion of the personages. But we must go back a little from the main incidents to introduce to the reader a certain Patrick Halliday, a general agent for the sale of English broadcloth, whose place of business was in the Lawnmarket, and dwelling-house in a tenement long called Peddie's Land, situated near the Old Assembly Close. It belongs not much to our story to say that Mr. Halliday was pretty well-to-do in the world; though probably even with youth and fair looks, if he had been a poor man, he would not have secured as he did the hand of a certain young lady, at that time more remarkable than he. Her name was Julia Vallance. We know no more of her except one particular, which many people would rather be known by than by wealth, or even family honors, and that was personal beauty—not of that kind which catches the eye of the common people, and which is of ordinary occurrence, but of that superior order which, addressing itself to a cultivated taste, secures an admiration which can be justified by principles. And so it came to pass that Julia had before her marriage attained to the reputation—probably not a matter of great ambition to herself, certainly not at all times very enviable—of being the belle of the old city. Nor is this saying little when we claim it in the face of the world as a truth that Edinburgh, in spite of its smoke, has at all times been remarkable for many varieties, dark and fair, of fine women. A result this which, perhaps, we owe to a more equal mixture of the two fine races, the Celt and Saxon, than ever took place in England. But Julia had brought her price, and her market having been made, she could afford to renounce the admiration of a gaping public in consideration of the love of a husband who was as kind to her as he was true. As regards their happiness as man and wife, we will take that in the mean time as admitted, the more by reason that in due time after the marriage they had a child; and no doubt they would have had many in succession had it not been for the strange occurrence which forms the fulcrum of our tale.

Apart from the family in Peddie's Land, and in no manner connected with it, either by blood or favor, was that of Mr. Archibald Blair, a young man living in Writers' Court, of whom we can say little more than that he was connected with the Borgue family in the Stewartry, an advocate, and also married. We are not informed of either the name or lineage of his young wife, and far less can we say aught of the perfections or imperfections she derived from nature. We are only left to presume that if there had been no love, there would probably have been no marriage; and in this case, also, we have the fact of a child having been born to help the presumption of that which, naturally enough, may be taken as granted.

The two families, far asunder in point of grade, and equally far from any chance of acquaintanceship, went on in their several walks; nor are we entitled to say from any thing previously known of them that they even knew of each other's existence; unless, to be sure, the reputation of Julia for her personal perfections might have come to Blair's ears as it did to many who had perhaps never seen her; but then the marriage of a beauty is generally the end of her fame, as it is of her maiden career; and those who, before that event, are entitled to look and admire, and perhaps wish to whisper their aspirations, not less than to gaze on her beauty, leave the fair one to the happy man to whom the gods have assigned her.

We must now allow four years to have passed, during all which time Patrick Halliday and his wife—still, we presume, retaining her beauty, at least in the matronly form—were happy as the day is long, or rather, we should say, as the day is short, for night is more propitious to love than day. Nothing was known to have occurred to break the harmony which had begun in love; and surely when we have, as there appeared to be here, the three requisites of happiness mentioned by the ancients—health, beauty, and wealth—there was no room for any suspicion that the good deities repented of their gifts. But all this only tended to deepen the shadows of a mystery which we are about to revive at this late period.

One day, when Patrick Halliday returned from a journey to Carlisle, he was thunder-struck by the intelligence communicated to him by his servant, that his wife had disappeared two days before, and no one could tell whither she had gone. The servant, by her own report, had been sent to Leith on a message, and had taken the daughter, little Julia, with her; and when she came back she found the door unlocked and her mistress gone. She had made inquiries among the neighbors, she had gone to the acquaintances of the family, she had had recourse to every one and every place where it was likely she would get intelligence of her—all to no effect. Not a single individual could even say so much as that he or she had seen her that day, and at length, wearied out by her inquiries, she had had recourse to the supposition that she had followed her husband to Carlisle.

The effect of this strange intelligence was simply stupefying. Halliday dropped into a chair, and, compressing his temples with his trembling hands, seemed to try to retain his consciousness against the echoes of words which threatened to take it away. For a time he had no power of thought, and even when the ideas began again to resume their train, their efforts were broken and wild, tending to nothing but confusion.

He put question after question to the servant, every answer throwing him back upon new suppositions, all equally fruitless. The only notion that seemed to give him any relief was, that she had gone to a distance to some of her friends—wild enough, yet better than blank despair; and as for infidelity, the thought never once occurred to him, where there was no ground on which to rear even a doubt.

At length, on regaining something like composure, he rose from his seat, and began to walk drearily through the house. He opened his desk and found that a considerable sum of money he had left there was untouched. He next opened the press in the wall, where she kept her clothes. He could not see any thing wanting—the gown was there which latterly she had been in the habit of putting on when she went out to walk with little Julia; her two bonnets, the good and the better—the one for every day and the one for Sunday—hung upon their pegs. Her jewels, too, which were in a drawer of her cabinet, were all there, with the exception of the marriage-ring she was in the habit of wearing every day. There was nothing wanting, save her ordinary body-clothes, including the fringed yellow wrapper in which, during the forenoon, she used to perform her domestic duties, and which he had often thought became her better than even her silks. Wherever she had gone, she must have departed in her undress and bareheaded—nay, her slippers must have been on her feet, for not only were they away, but the high-heeled shoes by which she replaced them when she went to walk were in the place where they usually lay.

In the midst of all this mystery, the relations and others, who had been quickened into a high-wrought curiosity by the inquiries made by the servant, dropped in one after another in the expectation that the missing wife would have returned with her husband, but they went away more astonished than before, and leaving the almost frantic husband to an increase of his apprehension and fears.

The dark night came on, and he retired to bed, there to have the horrors of a roused fancy added to the deductions of a hapless and demented reason.

In the morning he rose after a sleepless and miserable night, tried to eat a little breakfast with the playful little Julia, the image of her mother, by his side, asking him every now and then, in the midst of her prattle, what had become of mammy, rose and went forth, scarcely knowing whither to go. Directing his steps almost mechanically toward his place of business, he ascertained that his clerk knew no more of the missing wife than the others. On emerging again from his office, he was doomed to run the ordinary gauntlet of inquiries, and not less of strange looks where the inquirers seemed afraid to put the question. Others tried to read him by a furtive glance, and went away with their construction. No one could give him a word of comfort, if, indeed, he had not sometimes reason to suspect that there were of his anxious friends some who were not ill pleased that he had lost, no doubt by elopement, a wife who outshone theirs.

At length he found his way to the bailie's office, where he got some of the town constables to institute a secret search among the closes, and thus the day passed resultless and weary, leaving him to another night of misery.

Next day brought scarcely any change, except in the wider spread throughout the city of the news, which, in the circumstances, degenerated into the ordinary scandal. Nor did the husband make any endeavor to check this, by stating to any one the part of the mystery connected with the clothes—a secret which he kept to himself, and brooded over with a morbid feeling he perhaps could not have explained to himself. And that day passed also, leaving at its close an increased curiosity on the part of the public, but with no change in the conviction that the lady had merely played her husband false.

The next day was not so barren—nay, it was pregnant with a fact calculated to increase the excitement without ameliorating the scandal. On going up the High Street, Halliday met one of the officers who had been engaged in the search, and who told him that another citizen had disappeared in a not less mysterious way. The question, "Who is it?" was put, but not answered, except by another question.

"Was Mrs. Halliday acquainted with Mr. Archibald Blair, advocate, in Writers' Court?"

"No," was the answer of the husband; "and why do you put the question?"

"Because Mrs. Blair requested me," replied the officer. "She is in great distress about her husband, and I think you had better see her."

And so thought Patrick Halliday, as he hurried away to Writers' Court, much in the condition of one who would rush into the flames to avoid the waves: for, dreadful as the death of his beloved wife would be to him, more dreadful still was the thought that she had eloped with another man, and that man might be Archibald Blair. On reaching the house, where he was admitted upon the instant, he found a counterpart of his own domestic tragedy—every thing telling the tale of weariness, anxiety, and fear; comers and goers with lugubrious countenances; and Mrs. Blair herself in a chair the picture of that very misery he had himself endured, and was at that very moment enduring.

"Who are you?" she cried, as he approached her. "Are you come with good news or bad?"

"My name is Halliday, Madam," replied he. "I understand you wish to see me."

"As much as you may perhaps wish to see me," answered the lady. "The town has been ringing for days with the news of the sudden disappearance of your wife, who is said to be—," and she faltered at the word, "very beautiful. Is it true, and on what day did she disappear?"

"Too true, Madam," groaned the unhappy man. "Tuesday was the day on which she was found a-missing."

"Tuesday! Oh, unfortunate day!" rejoined she. "The very one, Sir, when my Archibald left me, perhaps never to return. Can you tell me," she continued, as she sobbed, hysterically, "whether your wife and my husband were ever at any time acquainted? Oh, I fear your answer, but I must hear it."

"I don't think," replied he, "that my wife ever knew of the existence of your husband. Even *I* never heard of his name, though I now understand he was a promising advocate. I can, therefore, give you small satisfaction; and, I presume, I can get as little from you when I ask you, what I presume is unnecessary, whether you ever heard that my wife was in any way acquainted with Mr. Blair?"

"No," replied she; "neither he nor I ever mentioned her name, nor did it once come to my ears that Archibald was ever seen in the company of any woman answering to the description of your wife."

"Most wonderful circumstance, Madam," replied Halliday, into whose mind a thought at the moment came, suggested by the mystery of the left clothes. "Pray, Madam," he continued, "can you draw no conclusion from Mr. Blair's desk or wardrobe whether or not he had provided himself for the necessities of a journey?"

"That is the very wonder of all the wonders about this strange case, Sir," she answered. "I have made a careful search, knowing the money that was in the house, and having sent and inquired whether he had drawn any from the bank, I am satisfied that he had not a penny of money upon him. As for his wardrobe, every article is there, with the exception of what he used when he went to take a walk in the morning—a light dress, with a round felt hat in place of the square one. Even his cane stands there in the lobby. Where could he have gone in such an undress, and without money?"

A pertinent question, which was just the counterpart of that which Patrick Halliday had put to himself. The resemblance between the two cases struck him as wonderful, and no doubt if he had stated to Mrs. Blair the analogous facts connected with his wife's wardrobe, the untouched money, and the missing slippers, that lady would have shared in his wonder; but he felt disinclined to add to her apprehensions by acquainting her with facts which could lead to no practical use. There was sufficient community of feeling between them without going into further minutiæ, and the conversation ended with looks of fearful foreboding.

Patrick Halliday left the house of the advocate only to saunter like one broke loose from Bedlam, going hither and thither without aim; learning, as he went, that the absence of Mr. Blair had got abroad abreast of his own evil, and that the public had adopted the theory that his wife and the advocate had gone off together. The conclusion was only too natural, nor would it in all likelihood have been much modified even though all the facts inferring some other solution had come to be known. Even he himself was coming gradually to see that the disappearance of the two occurring at the same time, almost at the same hour, could not be countervailed by the other facts. But behind all this there was the apparent difficulty to be overcome that two individuals so well known in a news-loving city should have been in the habit of meeting, wherever the place might be, without any one having ever seen them—nay, the almost impossible thing that a woman without a bonnet, arrayed in a yellow wrapper, and with colored slippers on her feet, could have passed through any of the streets without being recognized, and that the same immunity from all observation should have been enjoyed by a public man so well known—dressed, too, in a manner calculated to attract notice. There was certainly another theory, and some people entertained the possibility, if not the reasonableness of it, that the two clandestine lovers might have concealed themselves for an obvious purpose in some of those houses whose keepers have an interest in the concealment of their guilty lodgers. But this theory must have appeared a very dubious one, for it involved a degree of imprudence, if not recklessness, amounting to voluntary ruin, where a little foresight might have secured their object without further sacrifice than the care required in the preservation of their guilty secret. But, unlikely as this theory was, it was not left untested, for special visits and inquiries were made in all places known as likely to offer refuge to persons in their circumstances and condition.

All was still in vain; another day passed, and another, till the entire week proved the inutility of both search and inquiry. The ordinary age of a wonder was attained, with the usual consequence of the beginning of that decay which is inherent in all things. Yet it is with these moral organisms as with the physical—they cast their seeds to come up again as memories. A month elapsed, and then another, and another, till these periods carried the mere diluted interest of the early days. So it is that the big animal, the world, on which man is one of the small parasites, supplies the sap as the desires require, and changes it as the appetite changes, with that variety which is the law of nature. Even as regarded Patrick Halliday and Mrs. Blair, the moral granulation began gradually and silently to fill up the excavated sores in their hearts, and by-and-by it ought by rule to have come about that the cicatrices would follow, and then the smoothing of the covering, even to the pellucid skin. And as for the public, new wonders, from the ever-discharging womb of events, were rising up every day, so that the story of the once-famed Julia Halliday and the advocate Blair was at length assuming the sombre colors of one of the acted romances of life. But it takes long to make a complete romance. There is a vitality in moral events as in some physical ones which revives in overt symptoms, and so it was in the case we are concerned with. A whole year had at length passed, and brooding silence had waxed thick over the now comparatively old event; but the silence was to be broken by the speaking of an inanimate thing as strange in itself as the old mystery.

One day, when Patrick Halliday had returned from his office in the upper part of the city to Peddie's Land for the purpose of getting a letter which he had by mistake left on the table in the morning, he found that the servant had gone out as usual for the purpose of taking little Julia for an airing; but, getting entrance by his own key, he proceeded along the lobby to the parlor, on opening the door of which, and entering, his eye was attracted to something on the floor. The room was at the time shaded by the hangings drawn together to keep out the rays of the sun, and, not distinguishing the object very well, he thought it was some plaything of Julia's. On taking it up he found, to his amazement, that it was one of the slippers of his wife. It had a damp musty smell, which he found so unpleasant that he threw it down on the floor again, and then began to think where in the world it had come from, or how it came to be there. The servant might explain it when she came in; but why she should have gone out with that remaining to be explained he could not understand. Meanwhile his only conclusion was, that sufficient search had not been made for the slippers, and that the dog, which was out with the maid, had dragged the article from some nook or corner which had escaped observation. Under this impression he felt inclined to seek for the neighbor of that which had been so strangely found, altogether oblivious of the fact that, if the slipper had been left by the runaway, she must have departed either barefooted or in her stocking-soles; for her shoes, so far as he could know, had been accounted for.

But he was not to be called upon to make this search; something else awaited him; for, as he sat enveloped in the darkness of this new mystery, his eye, wandering about in the shaded room, was attracted by another object. Rising, as if by a start, he proceeded to the spot, and took up, to his further amazement, a man's shoe. He at first supposed that it was one of his own; but on looking at the silver buckle, on which were engraved—not an uncommon thing at the time—two initial letters (these were "A. B."), he was at no loss for the name. It was that of the missing advocate. This shoe, like the slipper, was covered with white mould, and smelled of an odor different from and more disagreeable than mere must. He was now in more perplexity than ever, nor could he bring his mind to a supposition of how these things came to be there. It was the time of popular superstitions, when intelligences in the shape of ghosts and hobgoblins, and all forms of good and devilish beings, seemed to have nothing else to do than to entertain themselves with the fancies, feelings, and passions of men, and we might not be surprised to find that Patrick Halliday was brought under the feeling of an indescribable awe—nay, it is doubtful if even the veritable spirits of his wife and her paramour, if they had then and there appeared in that shaded room before him, would have produced a stronger impression upon him than did those speechless yet eloquent things. A moral vertigo was on him; he threw himself again into a chair, and felt his knees knocking against each other, as if the nerves, paralyzed by the deep impression upon the brain, were no longer under the influence of the will.

After sitting for a time in this state of perplexity and awe, from which he could not extricate himself, the servant, with his daughter, returned. He called her to his presence, and asked her, pointing to the shoe and the slipper, "how those things came to be there?"

The girl was seized with as great wonder as he himself had been, and there was even a greater cause for astonishment on her part, insomuch as, according to her declaration, she had cleaned out and dusted the parlor within half an hour of going forth, and these articles were certainly not in the room then. As for the outer door, she had left it fastened in the usual way, and the windows were carefully drawn down before her departure. Where *could* they have come from, she questioned both her master and herself, with an equal chance of a satisfactory answer from either. Then she would not have been a woman if she could have resisted the claims of superstition in a case so inexplicable, so extraordinary, so unparalleled even in winter fireside stories. And so she looked at her master, and he looked at her, in blank wonder, without either of them having the power of venturing even a surmise as to how or by what earthly or unearthly means those ominous things, so terrible in the associations by which they were linked to their owners, came to be where they were.

After some longer time uselessly occupied, Patrick Halliday bethought himself of going to Writers' Court, so taking up the silver-buckled shoe, and putting it into his large coat pocket, he proceeded to Mrs. Blair's. He found her in that state of reconciled despondency to which she had been reduced for more than two months; but the moment she saw Patrick Halliday enter she sprang up as if she had been quickened by the impulse of a new-born hope rising amidst the clouds of a long-settled despair. The movement was soon stayed when her keenness scanned the face of the man: but a new feeling took possession of her when she saw him draw out of his pocket the silver-buckled shoe with which she had been as familiar as with her own.

"Where, in the Lord's name—!" she cried, without being able to say more, while she seized spasmodically the strange object, still covered as it was with the mould, and with the silver obscured by the passage of time. And, gazing at it, she heard Halliday's account of how he came to be in possession of it, along with the slipper.

"Have you the neighbor in the house?" he inquired.

"No, no," said she; "but I am certain that that is one of the shoes Archibald had on the day he disappeared. Oh, Sir, I can scarcely look at these initials; and there is such a death-like odor about it that it sickens me."

"It is the same with the slipper," said he. "It would seem that both of them had been taken off the feet of corpses."

"Strange mystery altogether," added she, with a deep sigh. "Oh, I could have wished I had not seen these—it only serves to renew my care, without satisfying my natural desire to know the fate of one I loved so dearly."

"It is so with me as well, Madam," rejoined Mr. Halliday; "but the finding of this shoe and slipper may satisfy us of the connection between your husband and my wife."

"Yes, yes," ejaculated she; "but oh, merciful God! what a wretched satisfaction to the bereaved wife and the deserted child. You are a man, and can bear up. A poor woman must sit in solitude and mourn, while the flesh wastes day by day under the weary spirit."

"And you can suggest nothing to help me to an explanation of this new mystery?" said he.

"Nothing; all is darker than ever," replied she. "But, Sir, you have got the only trace that for a long year has been found of this most unfortunate—I fear, unhappy pair, and it will be for you to improve it in some way. Something more will follow. I will go over with you myself to your house. A woman's eyes are sharper than a man's. I would like to examine the house, and judge for myself."

And the lady, rising, went and dressed herself. In a few minutes more they were on the way to Peddie's Land; probably, as they went along, objects of speculation to those who knew the strange link by which their fortunes were joined. Nor was it unlikely that evil tongues might suggest that as their partners had played them false, they intended to make amends by a kind of poetical retribution. Alas! how different from their thoughts, how unlike their feelings, how far distant from their object!

On arriving at the house a new wonder was to meet them almost upon the threshold. The servant ran forward to Halliday, holding in her hand the partner of the silver-buckled shoe which her master had in his pocket. She was utterly unable to say a word; her eyes were strained not less in width than in intensity; her mouth was open like that of an idiot; and motioning and muttering, "Come, come," she led her master and Mrs. Blair on through two or three rooms till she came to a small closet, at the back of which there was a door, now for the first time in Patrick Halliday's experience found open. In explanation of which peculiarity we require to suspend our narrative for a minute or two to enable us to inform the reader that the house then occupied by Halliday had, five years before, and immediately preceding his marriage, been in possession of George Morgan, a wool-dealer.

Morgan's warehouse, where he stored his wool, entered from a close to the west, through a pend, between Peddie's Land and the large tenement adjoining. The run of the warehouse was thus at right angles to that of the dwelling-house, and Morgan was thereby enabled to knock out a small door at the back of a press, through which he could conveniently pass to his place of business without being at the trouble of going down the close to the main entry. After Morgan's death the house and warehouse went to his heirs, from whom Halliday rented the former, the other having been let to some other person for three years, after which it had been without a tenant. We may state also that Halliday was at first quite aware of the existence of the door at the back of the press, and had even taken the precaution of getting it locked; but as no requisition had been made by the tenant of the warehouse to have the communication more securely barred the door had been left in the condition we have described.

Resuming our story: the servant, when she came to the point where we left her, stopped and trembled; but by this time Halliday had begun to see whither these pointings tended, and pushing the girl aside with a view to examine the door he was astonished to find that it opened to his touch—a fact better known by Nettle, his dog, who had, as the shoes testified, been there before.

On entering the warehouse, all the windows of which were shut except one, through which a ray of light struggled to illuminate merely a part of the room, the party beheld a sight which in all likelihood would retain a vividness in their memories after all other images of earthly things had passed away. Right in the middle of the partial light admitted by the solitary window lay the bodies of two persons—a man and a woman. The latter had on her a yellow morning-gown trimmed with green. One slipper was on, the other off. Her head, which was uncovered, was surmounted by the high toupee of the times, which consisted of the collected hair brushed up and supported by a concealed cushion. The man had on a morning-dress, with a round felt-hat, which still retained its place on his head. There was no corruption in the bodies of that kind called moist. They were merely shriveled, but that to an extent which reduced them to little other than skeletons covered with a brown skin—a state of the bodies which probably resulted from the dry air of the wareroom, heated as it was by a smithy being immediately below it, the smoke of which was conveyed by a flue up the side of the tenement. The two bodies lay clasped in each other's arms; the faces were so close that the noses almost met; the eyes were open, and, though the balls were shrunk so much that they could not be seen, the lids, which had shrunk also, were considerably apart. These were the bodies of Julia Halliday and Archibald Blair.

There was not a word spoken by the searchers. Their eyes told them all that was necessary to convince them of the identity of those who lay before them. Nor, when Halliday took up a paper which lay at the head of Blair, did he think it necessary to make any observation of surprise at what was in keeping with what they saw.

"Oh, read!" said Mrs. Blair, as she gasped in the midst of her agony.

Halliday, holding up the paper so as to receive the light, read as follows:

"Whoever you may be, man or woman, who first discovers the bodies of me and her who lies by my side will please, as he or she hopes for mercy, deliver this paper either to Mr. Patrick Halliday, of Peddie's Land, or Mrs. Archibald Blair, in Writers' Court, that they may take the means of getting us decently interred. Julia Halliday and I, Archibald Blair, met and looked and loved. These few words contain the secret of our misfortune, and must be the excuse of our crime in taking away our lives. Our love was too strong to be quelled by resolution, too sacred to be corrupted by coarse enjoyment of the senses, too hopeless to be borne amidst the impediments of our mutual obligations to our spouses. We felt and believed that it was only our mortal bodies that belonged to our partners; our spirits were ours, and ours alone, by that decree which made the soul, with its sympathies and its elections, before ever the world was, or marriage, which is only a convention of man's making. We loved, we sinned not, yet we were unhappy, because we could not fulfill the obligations of affection to those we had sworn at the altar to love and honor. Often have we torn ourselves from each other with vows on our lips of mutual avoidance, but these efforts were vain. We could not live estranged, and we flew again to each other's arms, again to vow, again to meet, again to be blessed, again to be tortured. This life was unendurable, and, left to the alternative of parting or dying, we selected the latter. The poison was bought by me in two separate vials. As I write, Julia holds hers in her hands, and smiles as she is about to swallow the drug. We have resolved to lie down face to face, so as to be able to look into each other's eyes and watch jealously Death as he drags us slowly from each other. I have now swallowed my draught, smiling the while in Julia's face. She does the same. The pen trembles in my hand. Farewell, my wife. Julia mutters, 'Farewell, my husband.' Against neither have we ever sinned.

"ARCHIBALD BLAIR."

HAREM LIFE AT CAIRO.

WE seldom know any thing of what really passes in harems, as the Turks are exceedingly jealous of their domestic life being talked about. Many intrigues and scandals take place, and are known to the ladies in other harems, but rarely transpire beyond their walls. The two following events took place not long ago at Cairo, and rather interfere with our ideas (chiefly taken from the Arabian Nights) of the poetry of Turkish life:

On the road to Old Cairo lives a Bey, whom we will call Hassan, and whose wife had been a slave of the viceroy's. It is deemed a great honor to receive a cast-off slave-girl of the viceroy, or of one of the princes, as a wife; and the lady usually gives herself airs, and generally leads her poor husband a miserable life, by threatening to complain to the Effendina's mother, unless all her whims are gratified. Hassan Bey's wife at some fantasia heard the celebrated singer Suleiman, and was enchanted with his voice. She sought every occasion of seeing him; and one day he rode under her windows while she happened to be looking out from behind the musharibièh. The lady from that day refused to eat, became melancholy and sullen, and at length one of her old slaves ventured to ask the cause of the Khanoum's sorrow. On being told it the old woman reflected a while, and then proposed to her mistress to marry Sulieman to one of the girls in the harem who had a fine voice, and was rather a favorite in consequence. The lady approved of the idea, and charged the old woman with the direction of the affair. Suleiman, thinking that out of so good a house as Hassan Bey's he would get valuable marriage-gifts with his wife, accepted the proposal. The marriage was celebrated with some pomp; and Zeeneb, the slave-girl, was envied by her less fortunate companions at having made so brilliant a marriage; for Suleiman earned large sums by singing at marriage-feasts and burials. The old woman now explained to Sulieman why her mistress had given him one of her favorite slaves, and that he must manage to come often to the harem on some pretext or other. For some time things went on smoothly, until Suleiman became fonder of his own wife than of the other lady, and neglected going to the harem as often as the latter wished, and also gave less baksheesh to the eunuchs and slaves. Hassan Bey, sitting in his divan one day, overheard his people talking of Suleiman, of baksheesh, and of his frequent visits, and summoned the chief eunuch, demanding what all this meant? The Aga hesitated; but threats soon loosened his tongue, and he denounced the old slave woman as chief authoress and abettor of the intrigue. Hassan Bey had her brought before him, and gave her the alternative of bringing Suleiman to the harem within an hour's time, or of losing her head. Thoroughly frightened, she went off to Sulieman's house, and implored him to come to her mistress, dying, as she said, from longing to see her heart's beloved one. Zeeneb had her suspicions aroused by the evident trepidation of the woman's manner, and besought her husband not to go. The old woman threatened to destroy his livelihood through her mistress's influence in the vice-regal harem, and Suleiman at last yielded, but promised Zeeneb that this should be his last visit to Hassan Bey's harem. Unfortunately for poor Sulieman, his words turned out true, for Hassan Bey cut him down as he entered the door. Zeeneb waited for her husband for some hours, and then sent her mother-in-law to inquire after him. Hassan Bey himself received her, and showing her the dead body of her son, bade her begone. She burst forth in a torrent of reproaches and bitter lamentations, which so enraged him that, drawing his sword, he killed her too. By his orders the corpses were flung into the Nile, close by, after small black crosses, such as the Copts wear, had been hung round their necks to divert suspicion. Next morning the bodies were found, and were buried in the Coptic burial-ground by a priest, on the supposition of their being Christians. The disappearance of Suleiman caused some wonder; but it was soon forgotten, and it was no more talked of, until the viceroy's mother gave a fantasia at the marriage of some slave-girl in her harem, when Zeeneb was summoned with other gazialis, or singing-women. When it was her turn to sing she rose, burst into tears, and falling at the Validè Khanoum's feet, declared she could not sing, and implored justice. The princess stopped the fête, and inquired what she meant. Zeeneb then related that Suleiman, her husband, had had an intrigue with Hassan Bey's wife, had gone one day against his wish to her harem, and had never returned; that his mother had gone to make inquiry for him, and had never been seen since; and that she suspected foul play. The Validè Khanoum promised that justice should be done, and kept her word; for the viceroy summoned Hassan Bey before the council, interrogated him, and sentenced him to banishment at Fazoglou (the Egyptian Cayenne). Since then nothing has been heard of Hassan Bey's wife. Whether she was killed by his orders or by Ismail Pasha's, or is still alive, imprisoned in some distant harem, is a mystery; but it is improbable that Hassan Bey would have dared to touch a woman who came out of the vice-regal harem.

The second tale is more tragic and touching.

Osman Bey, so we will name him, had two daughters, Fatmé and Elmass, whose mother had died young; the Bey had not married again, and left the two girls very much to the care of their old nurse. A young Turk, living close by, had seen Fatmé as a child in the doorway with the eunuchs, and had observed her pretty face; he by chance caught a glimpse of her at the open musharibièh, and demanded her in marriage of her father. Osman Bey answered that he was honored by Shaheen Bey's proposal; but although there was nothing to object to in point of fortune, or so forth, yet he declined to give him his daughter, as he lived much with infidel dogs, and was therefore no true Mussulman. "Piqué au jeu," and deeply smitten with Fatmé's charms, Shaheen Bey contrived to bribe the old nurse, who introduced him into the harem dressed in woman's clothes. No Turk, it should be observed, can enter his own harem when a lady is there on a visit; and even should he have strong reason to suspect the visitor to be a man in disguise, he would never dare to touch the seeming lady. Woe betide him should he unveil a woman! and he can, of course, never be sure of his suspicions. Fatmé, of the mature age of fifteen, was much delighted at the impression she had produced, and soon her love for Shaheen Bey became as strong as his passion for her; but Elmass grew jealous, and threatened to tell her father, quoting at the same time an old Turkish proverb: "Whoever does not beat his daughter will one day strike his knees in vain." Fatmé, in great alarm, took counsel with her old nurse, who suggested that Shaheen Bey should bring his younger brother to amuse Elmass, and that, being then equally culpable with her elder sister, she would say nothing. The two brothers paid frequent visits to the harem, and all went well for some time, until Shaheen Bey committed the extreme imprudence of going into the harem undisguised. Coming out, he met Osman Bey, who recognized him in spite of his efforts to cover his face; a tremendous struggle ensued, in the course of which the old father was thrown down, and Shaheen Bey got away. By dint of threats, Osman Bey made the eunuchs confess that they had long suspected the sex of the two visitors, and by a vigorous application of the whip he got the whole truth out of the nurse. In a towering passion he went directly to the viceroy's secretary, who, more civilized than the Turks usually are, tried to persuade the Bey to hush up the whole thing, and marry the two young couples. Osman Bey would listen to nothing, and insisted on the affair being laid before Ismail Pasha, who condemned the two brothers to be sent to Fazoglou. The youngest, luckily for himself, died soon after passing Thebes. The two girls and their nurse were sentenced to death. Horrified by so severe a decree, Osman Bey threw himself at the Effendina's feet, and after many prayers obtained a commutation of his daughters' sentence to imprisonment for life among the female galley-slaves.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LAWYER C—— (*entering the office of his friend, Dr. M——, and speaking in a hoarse whisper*). "Fred, I've got such a cold this morning I can't speak the truth."

DR. M——. "Well, I'm glad it's nothing that will interfere with your business."

ORIGIN OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

John Smith was the son of his father. He formerly lived in New York and other places, but he has removed to San Francisco now.

John Brown was the son of old Brown. The body of the latter lies mouldering in the grave.

John Jones was a son of temperance.

In early life Gabriel Jones was actually a shoemaker. He is a shoemaker yet.

Patrick Murphy is said to have been of Irish extraction.

John Johnson was a blacksmith. He died. It was published in the papers, with a head over it, "Deaths." It was therefore thought he died to gain notoriety. He has got an aunt living somewhere.

Up to the age of thirty-four Hosea Wilkerson never had any home but Home Sweet Home, and even then he had to sing it himself. At one time it was believed that he would have been famous if he became celebrated. He died. He was greatly esteemed for his many virtues. There was not a dry eye in the crowd when they planted him.

A lady at sea, full of delicate apprehensions in a gale of wind, cried out, among other pretty exclamations, "We shall all go to the bottom! Mercy on us, how my head swims!" "Madam, never fear," said one of the sailors; "you can never go to the bottom while your head swims."

The man who had to lower his shirt-collar to pass under a railway-bridge arrived in New York last week. He was laboring under a slight attack of *collary* morbus.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

POLITE GENTLEMAN. "Good-morning, Sir. How do you feel yourself to-day?"

DEAF GENTLEMAN. "Very stormy and disagreeable."

POLITE GENTLEMAN (*slightly astonished, but determined to recover lost ground*). "Indeed! How is your good wife, Sir?"

DEAF GENTLEMAN. "Very windy and blustering indeed."

A FIRST-CLASS BOARDING-HOUSE.—A great deal of pretension, exorbitant charges, and nothing to eat; insults from the landlady if you complain, and law-suits if you don't pay promptly for what you never had.

Wilson, the celebrated vocalist, was upset one day in his carriage, near to Edinburgh. A Scotch paper, after recording the accident, adds, "We are happy to state that he was able to appear the following evening *in three pieces!*"

A clergyman was one day talking with his landlord, a Universalist, on the personality of the devil. A little incredulous, the gentleman remarked, "I should like to see the devil." "Can't you wait?" was the quiet reply.

FRIGHTFUL PROSPECT.—It is dreadful to hear of a child only one month old *taking to the bottle!*

A young man who was crossed in love attempted suicide recently by taking a dose of yeast powder. He immediately rose above his troubles.

AN OLD BACHELOR.

What a pitiful thing an old bachelor is,
With his cheerless house and his rueful phiz!
On a bitter cold night when the fierce winds blow,
And when all the earth is covered with snow,
When his fire is out, and in shivering dread,
He slips 'neath the sheets of his lonely bed:
    How he draws up his toes,
    All encased in yarn hose,
    And he buries his nose
    'Neath the chilly bed-clothes;
    That his nose and his toes,
    Still encased in yarn hose,
    May not chance to get froze!
Then he puffs and he blows, and says that he knows,
No mortal on earth ever suffered such woes.
    And with Ah's and with Oh's,
    With his limbs to dispose,
So that neither his toes nor his nose may be froze,
To his slumbers in silence the bachelor goes.
In the morn when the cock crows, and the sun is just rose,
    From beneath the bed-clothes
    Pops the bachelor's nose,
And, as you may suppose, when he hears how the wind blows,
    Sees the windows all froze,
Why back 'neath the clothes pops the poor fellow's nose;
For full well he knows, if from that bed he rose
To put on his clothes, that he'd surely be froze.

DESIGNING MEN—Architects.

TO DRAIN LANDS.—Drink whisky and spend all your time at the village tavern. This will drain you of all your lands in a short time.

Artemus Ward says that no daily paper is published in his town, a ladies' sewing circle answering the same purpose.

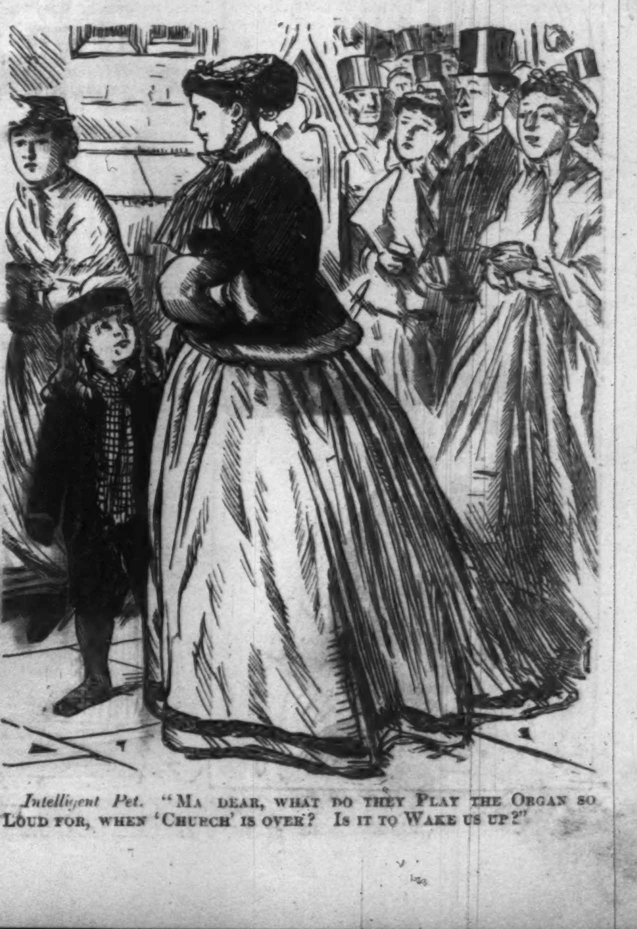
DIVISION OF LABOR.

A parsón of toó free a life
  Was yet renowned for noble preaching,
And many grieved to see such strife
  Between his living and his teaching.
His flock at last rebellious grew:
  "My friends," he said, "the simple fact is,
Nor you nor I can *both* things do:
  But I can preach—and you can practice."

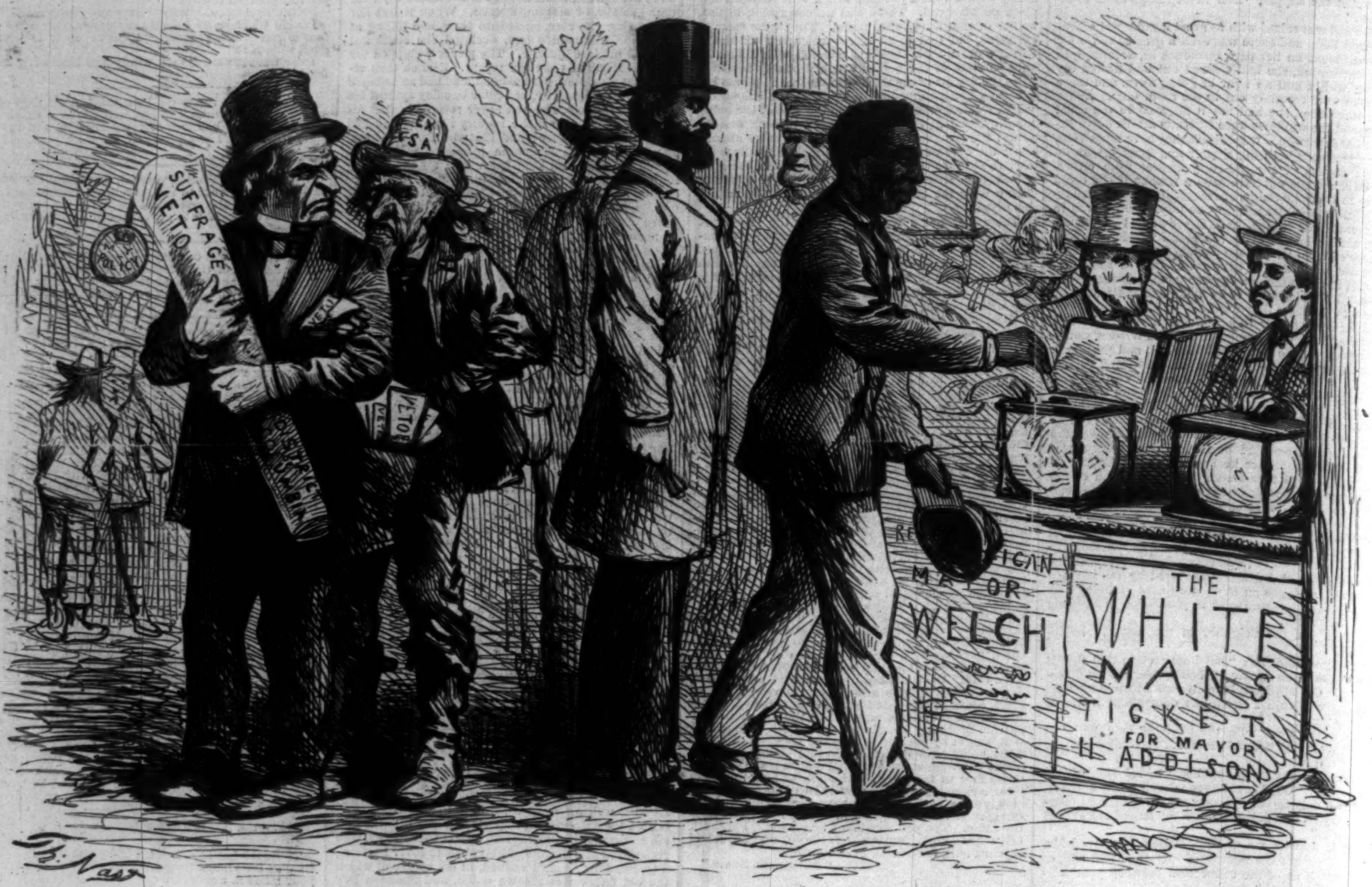
CURIOSITIES WANTED.—A bunch of blossom from a railway plant; the topmost bough of an axle-tree; a crust from the roll of the ocean; a feather from the crest of a wave; some quills from the wings of the wind; a lock of hair from the head of a column; a hoop from the pale of society; the knife used by ringers when pealing bells; a broom for sweeping assertions; a collar for a neck of land; a quizzing-glass for an eye to business; a rocker from the cradle of the deep; a few tears from a weeping willow; and some down from the bosom of a lake.

RECIPE FOR MAKING LOVE.—Take two parts sugar, three of soft soap, a little sage, plenty of summer savory, add a little wine, mix well together, and leave the whole to "set" for two or three nights. It is best taken while hot.

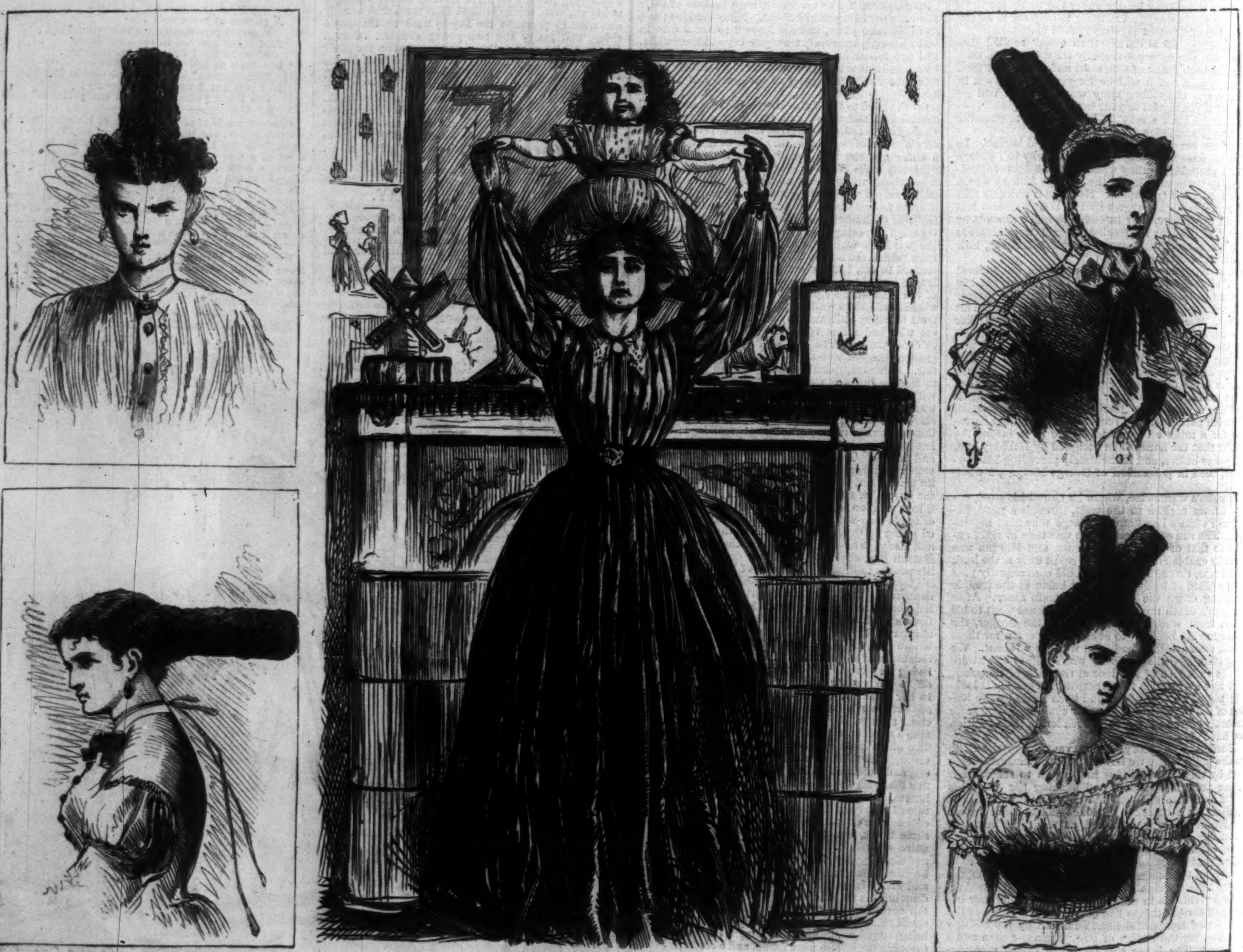
A MORTAL INSULT.—A dead cut.



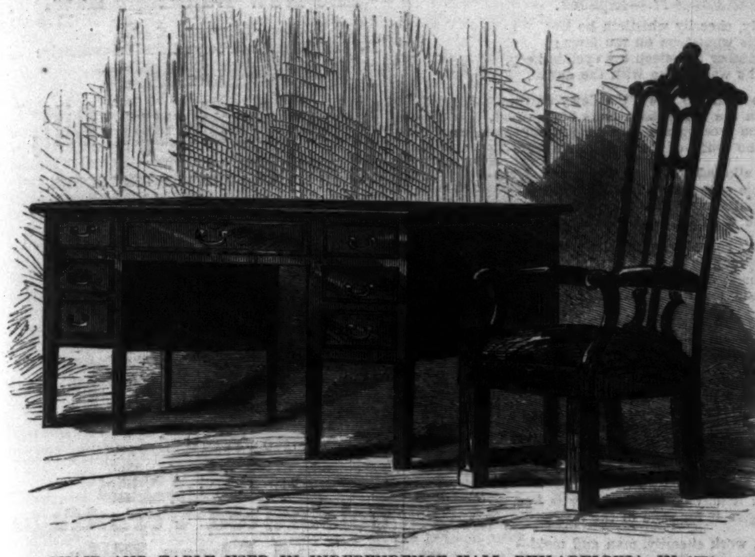
Intelligent Pet. "MA DEAR, WHAT DO THEY PLAY THE ORGAN SO LOUD FOR, WHEN 'CHURCH' IS OVER? IS IT TO WAKE US UP?"


SUFFRAGE VETO
MY POLICY
EX CSA
VETO
VETO
DISTRICT COLUMBIA
REPUBLICAN MAYOR WELCH
THE WHITE MANS TICKET FOR MAYOR H. ADDISON
Th. Nast

THE GEORGETOWN ELECTION—THE NEGRO AT THE BALLOT-BOX.—[See page 162.]



NEW AND BECOMING STYLES OF HEAD-DRESSES.



CHAIR AND TABLE USED IN INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, IN 1776.

INDEPENDENCE CHAIR AND TABLE.

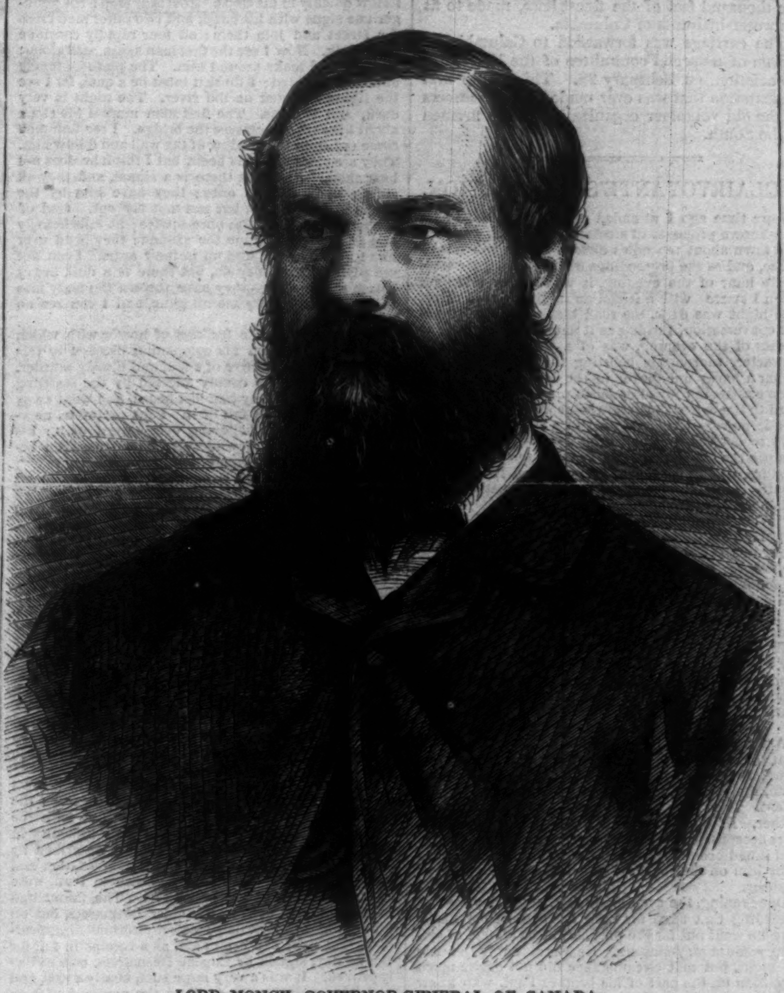
WE give this week an engraving of the Table on which the Declaration of Independence was signed, and the Chair occupied by JOHN HANCOCK while President of the Continental Congress. These Revolutionary relics were recently (on the 22d of February) presented by the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania to the city of Philadelphia, to be preserved in Independence Hall, in the room which they occupied ninety years ago. The table is of mahogany, and the top, which is plain, is covered over with black oil-cloth. The table is arranged with a large drawer under the central part and three smaller ones under each end. These drawers are inlaid with a narrow strip of yellow wood about one-eighth of an inch in width all around the edge, and each drawer is furnished with a plain lock. The brass handles which were on the three right-hand drawers have been broken. The table itself stands upon eight legs. The latter are plain and square, with a little fluting. On the ends of the table-drawer, and on the ends of the table itself there is a slight attempt at ornamentation by inlaying plain slips of maple. The table is about five feet by thirty inches, and stands about thirty inches from the floor. It is very plain, indeed of the most democratic aspect.

The chair is a very interesting relic of the old straight-back days of our grandfathers. It is strongly made of mahogany. The seat and cushion are lined with crimson morocco, and the sides are studded with nails. The legs are plain and square, and the bottoms shod with brass. The chair stands altogether about five feet in height. There is some slight attempt at ornamentation, but the carving is of the plainest description. The back is almost straight, having but a slight curve. It bears the marks of honorable age.

INDIAN DELEGATIONS AT WASHINGTON.

Two Indian delegations from the friendly tribes of Dacotah Territory visited Washington during the latter part of February. They consisted of the chief men of the Sioux and Yancton tribes, and numbered over one hundred persons. The chiefs were dressed in full Indian costume, and attracted much attention. They were accompanied by Governor FOULK, of Dacotah, and were in Washington for the purpose of framing new treaties.

On the 23d of February they visited the White House, and were introduced by Secretary BROWNING and Indian Commissioner BOGY to the President. The reception took place in the East Room, in the presence of a large number of persons, including the families of the President, Secretary BROWNING, and other officials. The speeches on the occasion were of the usual stereotyped form of such affairs. The remarks of Mr. BOGY to the President were interpreted to the Indians, and were approved by them in their guttural ejaculation of "Ugh!" The reply of the President, unlike most of his speeches, also met with approval.



LORD MONCK, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

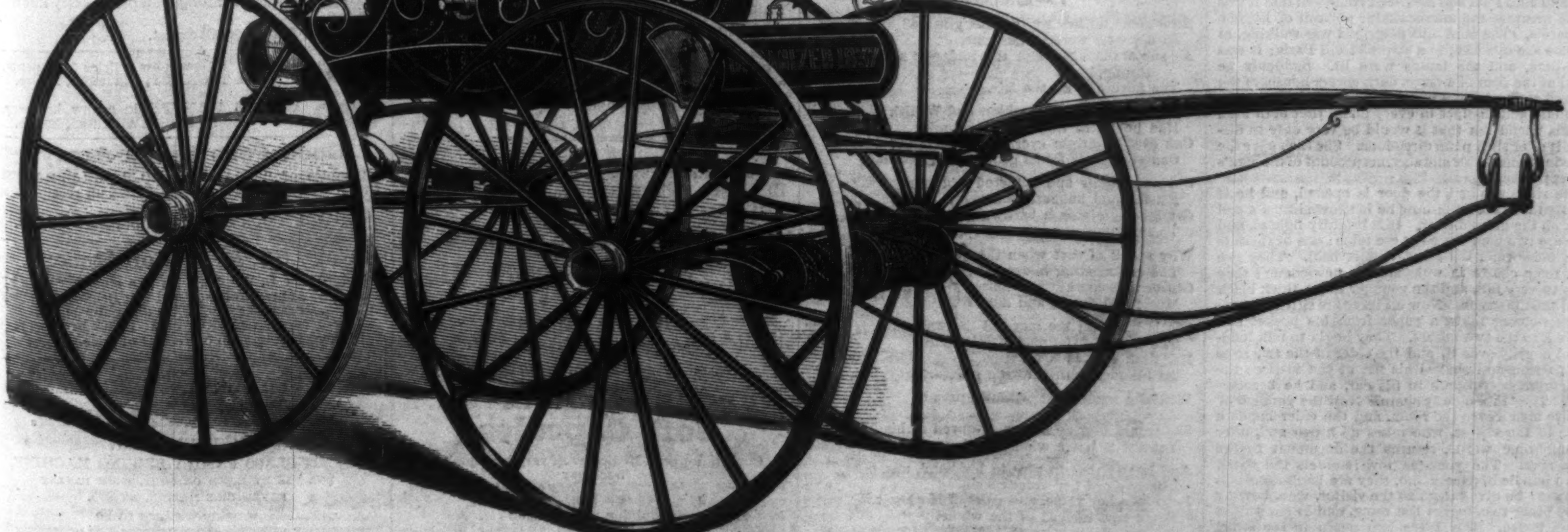
VISCOUNT MONCK,

GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

THE latest news from England intimates that the political movements for joining the British American Provinces in a more intimate, if not a more perfect union, are likely to result in the establishment of a kingdom, with Prince ARTHUR of England as its king. The bill for the establishment of the confederation—it is officially styled "the British North American Province Confederation"—was read for the second time in the English House of Commons on March 1, and was to have been hurried to a vote at an early day. The understood intention of the originators of the scheme is to have the first Provincial Parliament which assembles after the adoption of the bill declare the confederacy a kingdom, and place it under the rule of Prince ARTHUR WILLIAM PATRICK ALBERT, the third son of Queen VICTORIA. One of the most zealous workers in favor of this scheme has been Viscount CHARLES STANLEY MONCK, present Governor-General of Canada, whose portrait we give on this page. He is now in England busily engaged in completing the work on which he has been so assiduously employed for the past five years. As his features indicate, Lord MONCK is of Irish descent. He is the fourth Viscount of his title, and is descended from the famous General GEORGE MONCK, who dissolved the Parliament of RICHARD CROMWELL, and on whose invitation CHARLES II. resumed the throne of England. The present Lord MONCK was appointed to the Governorship of the Canadas at the opening of the rebellion in this country. He displayed great energy in erecting defenses along our northern frontier, and made himself somewhat unpopular in the United States by protecting the rebels who congregated in Canada. His principal and favorite scheme as a statesman has been the establishment of a Canadian Confederacy, an undertaking likely to be very soon crowned with success.

HOSE CARRIAGE FOR COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE members of the New York Firemen's Association have lately indulged in a commendable effort at the restoration of good feeling between themselves and their Southern brethren. They have purchased a splendid hose carriage, which they intend to present to Independent Engine Company No. 1, of Columbia, as a token of good-will from the firemen of New York. We give in this number of the *Weekly* an engraving of the carriage and some particulars descriptive of it. The carriage was built by Messrs. ADAMS & CONE, 684 Broadway, of the very best materials and in the most substantial manner. The height to the top of the hose-reel is about eight feet. On either end of the front box is painted a figure of Liberty, while on the rear box are the coat-of-arms of New York and South Carolina. The front arch is surmounted by an elegant scroll-work of plate and a fine set of Russian sledge-bells of silver. The hose-reel is ornamented with bouquets of flowers. It holds



HOSE CARRIAGE PRESENTED BY THE NEW YORK FIREMEN'S ASSOCIATION TO THE FIREMEN OF COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHARLES K. BILL, 747 BROADWAY.]

one thousand feet of the finest hose, made to fit the water-hydrants of Columbia.

The carriage was forwarded to Columbia, in charge of a special committee of the New York Association, on February 28. This is the first presentation that was ever made by the members of the old volunteer organization to the firemen of the South.

A CLAIRVOYANTE'S REVELATION.

Some time ago I attended one of the *séances* of a well-known professor of electro-biology. It was held at a town about ten miles distant from my own residence, and as the proceedings did not terminate until a late hour of the evening, it was nearly midnight when I started with a friend on my homeward drive. The night was dark, the road bleak and lonely, and our conversation, turning as it naturally did upon the events of the evening, was of a weird and ghostly character, thoroughly befitting the time and place. Being a hardy unbeliever in the supernatural, I had been expressing my skepticism pretty freely with regard to the mysterious knowledge and wonderful prophetic powers which persons in a state of coma are said to possess, and had even gone so far as to denounce the whole thing in sweeping terms as an imposture, when my companion, who had listened patiently to my display of righteous indignation up to this point, said, quietly,

"Well, I dare say you're right in the main. I've no doubt a good deal of that sort of thing is all bosh, and many of the so-called professors no better than rank impostors; but I think you go too far in denouncing all followers of Mesmer; for I firmly believe that there are clairvoyants who are not impostors, and that many of their performances are such as it is impossible to account for by purely natural causes. Now, as an instance of this, I will tell you a very curious incident, for the truth of which I can myself solemnly vouch, since I was intimately acquainted with the persons to whom it happened. The circumstances took place in Paris thirteen years ago.

Among the most intimate of our circle of friends at that time were two brothers, whom I shall call Desmarets. Eugène, the elder, was a wealthy banker; Paul, the younger, was a literary man of considerable talent. They were both unmarried, and they lived together. At the period I am alluding to, business affairs necessitated Eugène's presence in St. Petersburg, and it had been agreed that his brother was to accompany him on the journey, which was to take place in October.

One evening, the evening, in fact, of the day but one preceding that fixed for their departure from Paris, Eugène went out for the purpose, as he stated, of settling some money-matters. He was absent from home all night, but that circumstance did not excite much attention on the part of his brother Paul, who knew him to be a man of irregular habits. The whole of the next day and night, however, passed without his returning, and the morning appointed for their journey arrived. Surprised that he had not been home to make his preparations for traveling, Paul Desmarets repaired to the bank to ascertain the cause of his absence, under the impression that something had occurred to induce his brother to alter his original plan. To his astonishment not only was his brother not at the bank, but no one there had seen any thing of him since noon two days before.

This unusually prolonged and unaccountable absence of the elder Desmarets perplexed and alarmed the younger brother, for, knowing that Eugène had a considerable sum of money about him, he feared that he might have been robbed, and if not murdered, at all events severely injured. He made inquiries at all the places which he thought his brother was likely to have visited, but could find no clew to his sudden and mysterious disappearance.

Paul Desmarets then consulted with three of his most intimate friends with reference to the best plan of action to adopt. His friends recommended him at once to communicate with the police; but Paul was a curious fellow with odd fancies in his brain, and with no small amount of superstition in his nature, and he declared his intention of enlisting the services of a clairvoyant toward unraveling this painful mystery. It was in vain that his friends attempted to dissuade him from such an absurd act, his obstinacy was not to be overcome. Accordingly, they made this arrangement, that Paul Desmarets and one of his friends should obtain all the assistance they could from a clairvoyant, while the other two visited the Morgue, where most missing men in Paris turn up at some time or other if they have ceased to belong to this world.

There was at that time in Paris a Spaniard, by name Madame Huesta, whose feats of clairvoyance had caused considerable excitement in all circles, and to her Paul Desmarets now went to obtain tidings of his brother.

Madame being disengaged, they were admitted into the house, and, on their stating the nature of their business, she was at once put into a state of coma by her husband's mesmeric influence, and the questioning began. The clairvoyante commenced with a minute description of the man whom she saw in her vision, and both Paul and his friend confessed that it was a most accurate and unmistakable portrait of Eugène Desmarets. The man thus described was walking, at the time she saw him, in a street of old Paris; it was night-time, and the lamps were lit. Suddenly he halted at the door of a large, dark corner house, of the outward appearance of which she gave a vivid picture, so minute and distinct in every detail that both Paul and his friend felt that it would be very easy to discover it after such plain directions. She then gave the following remarkable and succinct account of the man's further proceedings:

"He rings the bell, the door is opened, and he is admitted into the hall; now he is shown into a small room on the ground-floor. It is brightly lighted, and there are two men seated at the table; one of these is much older than the other, and is bald. They rise from their chairs to welcome the new-comer; they are both very tall, and the younger has a thick black beard and mustache. Now all three are sitting down; the new-comer takes a paper from his pocket and shows it to the two others. They begin to talk loudly and angrily over it, and the elder of the two rises in a passion and shakes his fist at the visitor; the younger man whispers in his ear, and he becomes calm. They talk quietly again. Now the younger of the two men leaves the room, and the elder hands a paper to the visitor, who takes up a pen and, after writing some words, returns the document to the elder man. The younger now re-enters the room, with a bundle of papers—no, they are bank-notes—in his hand: he gives them to the visitor, who, bowing to the other two, leaves the room, and is shown out of the house. Now I see him again in the street alone, he stands there, looking this way and that in doubt: at last he makes up his mind and walks briskly away. Instantly the door of the house which he has just left is opened, and the elder and younger men follow quickly in his steps. Now they stop: the younger one signs with his hand, and two other men cross the street and join them: all four rapidly continue their walk. Now I see the first man again, still alone: he stops and looks around him. The place is lonely and dimly-lighted: I think it must be a quai, for I see the lights reflected on the river. The night is very dark, and it rains. The first man muffles his cloak about his ears and crosses the bridge. I see four men come out from the shadow of the wall and follow him. They are close upon his heels, but I think he does not hear them. Ah! now there is a signal, and they all spring upon him at once; they have him by the throat; he struggles, but can not cry out. God of mercy! they strike him once—twice; he falls heavily and lies quite still upon the ground; they bend over him; now they lift him up in their arms. I can not see plainly what they do, but there is a dull, heavy splash in the water—they have thrown the body into the river. Now they are all gone, and I can see no more."

You may guess the feelings of horror with which Paul Desmarets and his companion listened to this circumstantial narrative of a foul and bloody murder. Both of them were deeply affected by the startling revelation which they had just heard, and went away with their thoughts full of it. Paul, excitable, nervous, superstitious, believing every word of it; his friend, thoroughly bewildered, divided between belief and doubt, half-wondering, half-fearing.

When they reached Desmarets' house they found their two friends awaiting them.

"We have seen him," they both exclaimed. Paul started. "Dead?" he asked.

"Dead," they replied; "he was taken in the nets this morning."

So far, then, the clairvoyante had been correct. Eugène Desmarets was dead, and his body had been found in the river.

Before another hour elapsed Paul was on his way to the Morgue. In the dead-house, stretched on one of the slabs, stark and ghastly, he saw his brother, but there were no marks of violence on the body, except such as might easily have been caused by rough contact with objects in the water. A large sum of money, too, was found upon the dead man's person, so that it was evident he had not fallen into the hands of robbers. On the whole, it seemed more like a case of suicide than any thing else.

But Paul thought otherwise; and he had, it must be owned, some ground for his suspicions when the following facts were taken in connection with the clairvoyante's revelation: He had little difficulty in finding the street and the very house described by her; in that house lived two gentlemen, a father and son, who, though only slightly known to Paul, were intimate acquaintances of Eugène. The father had been largely in debt to the elder Desmarets, but on the very night of the deceased's mysterious disappearance that debt had been paid, as a receipt in full for the money, signed by Eugène Desmarets, conclusively proved. It was a very large sum, nearly £1000, and had been paid in notes. Now the money found on the dead man was all in gold, and did not amount to more than £90. What, then, had become of the notes? It was ascertained beyond doubt that they had not been any where about the person of Eugène Desmarets when he was taken out of the river. Moreover, a pocket-book containing valuable papers, which the banker always carried about with him, was missing. How was the disappearance of money and pocket-book to be accounted for otherwise than on the supposition that they had been taken from the unfortunate man by violence, and that his struggles had necessitated his murder? There can be little wonder that Paul, finding the clairvoyante's story so strangely corroborated in its details up to a certain point, should believe that it was also true beyond that point.

The police were applied to and put in possession of the facts; but though willing enough to prosecute their inquiries, they declined to accept the clairvoyante's revelation as evidence of the guilt of the parties whom Paul suspected. And the matter dropped, for no further light was afterward thrown upon the mystery.

Paul Desmarets is dead now, but to his death he was convinced that that father and son were the murderers of his brother.

"Now every word of that story is strictly true, and I think you will allow that there was something in that woman's revelation which was out of the common way: you can scarcely apply the term imposture to a statement which was distinctly ascertained to be true as far as it was capable of proof, and that was through several very important points of the story. I say nothing about the truth of the latter part of the singular narrative, yet I think you could hardly blame any reasonable mind for inclining to a belief in its veracity."

I was silenced, even if I was not quite convinced, by this extraordinary anecdote, and though I am still skeptical about supernatural agencies in the forms in which they now exhibit themselves, yet I am far less reckless than heretofore in my charge of imposition.

THE FOUR SUITS.

I.—Diamonds.

Rich gems on her white arms glittered and shone,
  Rich jewels were in her hair,
As she walked through the midst of a worshiping throng,
  The fairest of all the fair.

Fairest of all whom Fashion and Wealth
  Had bound in their fetters of gold;
Can eyes so bright ever lose their light?
  Can such fairy forms grow old—

Old and yellow and withered and wan,
  Palsied and haggard and bent,
Grudgingly giving a backward glance
  To the time so heedlessly spent?

Why speak of that when the hours run by,
  The intoxicating hours,
Glitter and sparkle and flutter and flash,
  Music and jewels and flowers?

She is borne in the maze of the waltz along,
  The maze of the maddening dance;
Her dark eyes look up from his shoulder now
  To his face with a loving glance.

Wistfully tender, yet willfully proud,
  As a high-born maiden will.
She would fain be sovereign-queen of his heart—
  Yet she is but a woman still;

And knows that to give to his hand, unsought,
  The reins of her ardent soul,
Is to lose her value, and gain of his heart
  But a part instead of the whole.

Whirl onward! Ye are a well-matched pair:
  Beauty and fortune and birth;
Yet, soldier noble and maiden fair,
  Ye must both of ye come to—*Earth!*

II.—Spades.

Cheerily, cheerily whistleth he
  To his whetstone on the lawn;
Nor slumber nor sleep his eyelids keep,
  For he was awake with the dawn;

Awake with the dawn, the dewy dawn,
  When the white-thorn buds blow sweet,
And the green grass bendeth its tender blades
  To the touch of the blackbird's feet.

'Twas allotted to Adam to dig and delve—
  To his sons 'tis an heir-loom still;
Yet what was a curse may a blessing prove,
  If the work be done with a will.

Who is't comes tripping along the walk,
  So spruce, so enticingly trim?
The chairs are dusted, the cloth is laid;
  So now for a talk with him.

Nimbly she trips o'er the graveled path
  With a not unwinning grace,
The bright rose red in her muslin cap
  Scarce so bright as her comely face.

Sure 'tis a neighborly act to wish
  "Mr. Gardener" good-day;
Damon and Phyllis in rustic life
  Care nothing what folks may say.

They are not trammeled by "etiquette,"
  Nor sacrifice nature to art;
And if it may be their manner is free,
  Forgive it for sake of the heart.

Work, work cheerily, man and maid—
  Work on, work, ye who can;
For a true love-spirit halloweth toil,
  And to work is the lot of man.

III.—Clubs.

'Twas mesilf and me Biddy got married
  Saint Pathrick's day was a year;
Didn't Biddy look clane and look dacent,
  And mesilf a spruce boy, niver fear.

The praste he hild open his fingers—
  The ould rogue, 'twas a tirrible fee;
By the powers, he laid it on nately
  For jining me Biddy and me.

Sure we had in the frinds and the naybors;
  The "craythur" wint merrily round;
And some of us lay on the binches,
  And some of us fell on the ground.

'Tis mesilf who don't know how it happened,
  But there was a mighty fine row;
The shillalahs were whirling and flying;
  Och, murther! I feel Connor's now.

We injied ourselves purty and dacent,
  Sure we had an iligant faste;
'Twas mesilf and me Biddy they toasted,
  And bad cess to the covetous praste.

'Twasn't him who should ax for a fee, then,
  From a couple so dacent and poor;
Sure we might have had noggins of whisky
  Till we all of us fell on the floor.

Bad luck, in the morning I wakened—
  'Twas mesilf that felt dridfully ill;
By Jabers, the bars on the windies
  Tould me I was in a p'lice cill.

'Twas a beautiful piece of enjiment;
  They fined me and rated me twice;
But a weddin' don't come every mornin',
  And sure it was chape at the price.

IV.—Hearts.

A benevolent smile on her young face sits,
  A sweet heart-smile fair to see,
And her calm brown eyes shine out with the light,
  With the light of true charity;

A lustre that glistens with purer ray
  Than the diamond's brightest sheen;
And the gray silk sits on her slender form
  Like the purple robe of a queen.

From the rectory door she is hastening forth
  Alone on this Christian's day,
Scattering bounties upon the poor,
  Gathering prayers in her way.

If her life be spent in such silent good,
  Is her "talent" given in vain?
Not so, not so; for whose steward she is
  Will pay it tenfold again.

True, 'tis but small; yet if measured out
  All carefully into parts,
It can blessings sow wherever it goes,
  Bring joy to a thousand hearts.

At her quiet touch see the sorrowing smile,
  The suffering eyes grow bright;
She is welcomed, welcomed, wherever she goes,
  As a blessed angel of light.

Walk on, sweet minister to the sick,
  Dear comforter of the poor;
Walk on, young cherisher of the old;
  And when Death shall knock at thy door

Thou shalt hearken to words, unto blessed words,
  Unto words that shall come to thee:
"Inasmuch as thou didst it to one of these,
  Thou didest it unto Me."

"Important auxiliary to a lady's toilet."—Burnett's Toilet Sets, for sale by all druggists. —*Washington Chronicle.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Taken without *Taste* or *Smell*, by using
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Containing pure Medicines of very best quality.
Such as:

Castor oil,
Cod-liver oil,
Cod-liver oil with quinine,
Cod-liver oil with iodide of iron,
Citrate of iron and quinine,
Oil of turpentine,
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AMERICAN AND ENGLISH DECISIONS UPON THE LAW OF BANKRUPTCY.
Adapted to the use of the Lawyer and Merchant.
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HARPER & BROTHERS.
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We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. FLEMING BROS., Proprietors of McLANE'S VERMIFUGE and LIVER PILLS, in this Number.

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Because in each one of the very numerous parts of which a watch is made up we attain, by mechanical power, nearly *absolute* mathematical precision and uniformity, making every watch of any one style a true copy of its model.

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OFFICE OF THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT,
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GENTLEMEN,—THE WATCHES MANUFACTURED BY YOU HAVE BEEN IN USE ON THIS RAILROAD FOR SEVERAL YEARS BY OUR ENGINEMEN, TO WHOM WE FURNISH WATCHES AS PART OF OUR EQUIPMENT. THERE ARE NOW SOME THREE HUNDRED OF THEM CARRIED ON OUR LINE, AND WE CONSIDER THEM GOOD AND RELIABLE TIMEKEEPERS. INDEED, I HAVE GREAT SATISFACTION IN SAYING YOUR WATCHES GIVE US LESS TROUBLE, AND HAVE WORN AND DO WEAR MUCH LONGER WITHOUT REPAIRS, THAN ANY WATCHES WE HAVE EVER HAD IN USE ON THIS ROAD. AS YOU ARE AWARE, WE FORMERLY TRUSTED TO THOSE OF ENGLISH MANUFACTURE, OF ACKNOWLEDGED GOOD REPUTATION; BUT AS A CLASS THEY NEVER KEPT TIME AS CORRECTLY, NOR HAVE THEY DONE AS GOOD SERVICE, AS YOURS.

IN THESE STATEMENTS I AM SUSTAINED BY MY PREDECESSOR, MR. LEWIS, WHOSE EXPERIENCE EXTENDED OVER A SERIES OF YEARS.

RESPECTFULLY,
EDWARD H. WILLIAMS,
GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.

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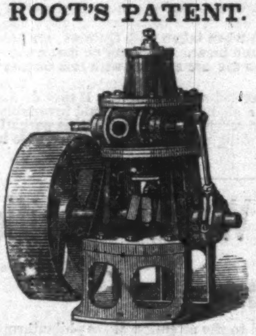

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To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

Kind	Prices
YOUNG HYSON (green)	80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℘ lb.
GREEN TEAS	80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℘ lb.
MIXED (black and green)	70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℘ lb.
JAPAN	$1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℘ lb.
OOLONG (black)	70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℘ lb.
IMPERIAL (green)	best $1 25 ℘ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black)	80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℘ lb.
GUNPOWDER (green)	$1 25, best $1 50 ℘ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo-Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens, English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. **31** and **33** Vesey St, Corner of Church St. (Post-Office Box 5643), New York City.
COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Club Order.

SANDY CREEK, OSWEGO CO., N. Y., *January* 7, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

GENTS,—The Tea you sent me gives good satisfaction. Enclosed find club order from another neighborhood, the which send as per order, and collect on delivery. There is much prejudice, I find, existing in some localities in regard to your Teas, created by the merchants, who say it is a great humbug, &c., &c. But I think, after an examination and trial, the people will decide for themselves, and buy their Teas where they can buy cheapest.

Yours, J. CLARK.

1 lb.	Young Hyson, gr.	A. Dornberg	$1 25	$1 25
1 lb.	Gunpowder, gr.	S. Blodget	1 50	1 50
2 lbs.	Young Hyson, gr.	S. Blodget	1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Imperial, green	S. Blodget	1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Japan, uncolored	S. Blodget	1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Young Hyson, gr.	J	1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Gunpowder, gr		1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	Gunpowder,		1 50	3 00
2 lbs.	Young Hyson,		1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Japan,		1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Eng. Breakf.,		1 20	1 20
1 lb.	Young Hyson,	an.	1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Coffee	an.	30	30
1 lb.	Coffee		40	40
2 lbs.	Coffee	G. Stevens	30	60
	Carried up			$20 75
	Brought up			$20 75
3 lbs.	Coffee	A. R. Stevens	30	90
2 lbs.	Japan, uncolored	J. Powers	1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Young Hyson, gr.	J. Powers	1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Imperial, green	C. Alton	1 00	1 00
1 lb.	Young Hyson, gr.	C. Alton	1 10	1 10
1 lb.	Coffee	C. Alton	25	25
1 lb.	Oolong, black	F. Smith	80	80
½ lb.	Japan, uncolored	L. Baldwin	1 10	55
½ lb.	Eng. Breakf., bl.	L. Baldwin	1 10	55
5 lbs.	Young Hyson, gr.	D. Clark	60	3 00
1 lb.	Japan, uncolored	H. A. Clark	1 10	1 10
¼ lb.	Eng. Breakfast	Geo. Hubbs	70	18
¼ lb.	Young Hyson, gr.	Geo. Hubbs	70	18
¼ lb.	Imperial, gr.	Geo. Hubbs	70	18
¼ lb.	Gunpowder	Geo. Hubbs	1 25	32
	Total			$35 86

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET, NEAR CHURCH. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

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